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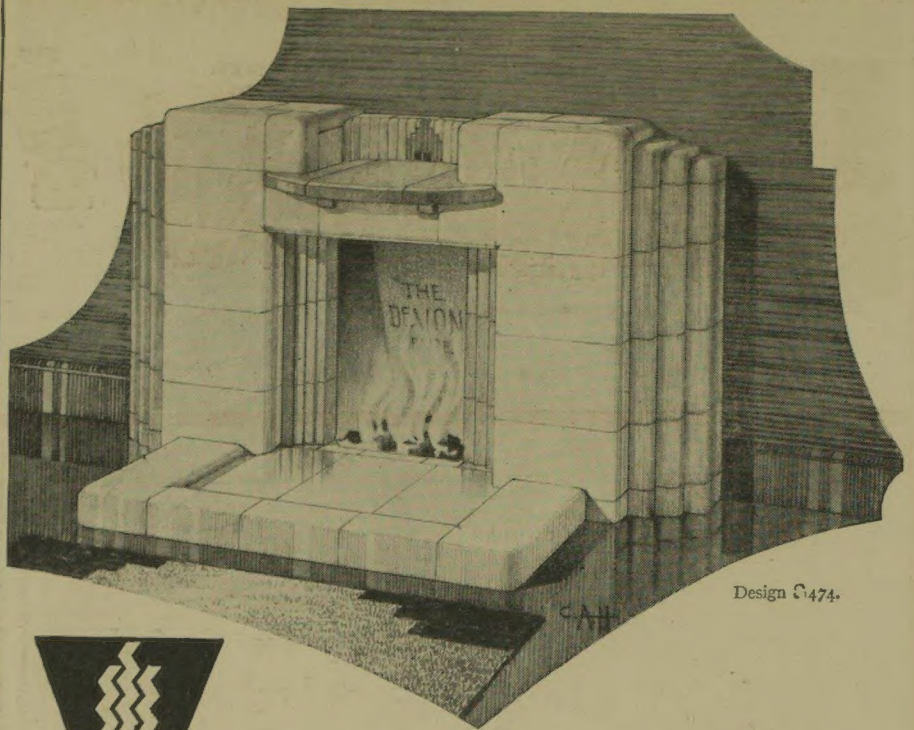
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1937.



BY A PREHISTORIC "LEONARDO DA VINCI" OF 30,000 YEARS AGO: THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAIT OF A HUMAN BEING—AN IVORY HEAD. (Here much enlarged. Actual size just under 2 in. high.)

Here and on four following pages we illustrate new discoveries on the site of the great prehistoric settlement at Vestonice, in Czechoslovakia, with an article by the chief discoverer, Dr. Karl Absolon, and an introductory note by Sir Arthur Keith. This little ivory head, some 30,000 years old, is in

itself an astonishing and epoch-making discovery, for hitherto no portrait by a Palæolithic artist was thought to exist. Sir Arthur Keith says: "There was a Leonardo da Vinci among the mammoth-hunters of Moravia." Other aspects of the head, and its actual size, are shown on page 551.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY DR. KARL ABSOLON, CHIEF DISCOVERER OF THE PREHISTORIC REMAINS IN MORAVIA. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGES 550 AND 552 AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 551 AND 553.)

THE WORLD'S EARLIEST PORTRAIT—30,000 YEARS OLD.

AN EPOCH-MAKING DISCOVERY IN PREHISTORIC ART, WITH OTHER IMPORTANT RESULTS OF NEW RESEARCHES ON THE SITE OF THE GREAT SETTLEMENT OF MAMMOTH-HUNTERS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

By DR. KARL ABSOLON,

Chief Discoverer of the Prehistoric Remains in Moravia; Hon. Corresponding Member of the Prehistoric Society of Great Britain and the Prehistoric Society of East Anglia. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S. (See Illustrations on the front page and pages 551 and 553.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

By SIR ARTHUR KEITH, F.R.S.

AMONG the many revelations from Ancient Moravia, made known to readers of *The Illustrated London News* by Dr. Absolon, none is so astonishing as that which he makes in his present



1. A PREHISTORIC CARICATURE: A PLASTIC HEAD, MADE OF PULVERISED BURNT MAMMOTH BONE AND LOAM, FOUND AT VESTONICE IN 1934—A PHOTOGRAPH AND TWO DRAWINGS SHOWING DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF IT.

article. The one thing we were certain of was that palæolithic artists had left no portrait of their fellow-beings. The artist who has left so many life-like studies of the extinct beasts he hunted cannot be supposed to have been destitute of the ability to portray human features. There must have been some other reason. In the cave art of France and Spain the human figure—whether incised, painted, carved or modelled—was never given a recognisable facial physiognomy. Facial portraiture is supposed to be a late development of civilisation. At least, we have always thought so. And now Dr. Absolon has produced definite and irrefutable proof that there was a Leonardo da Vinci amongst the mammoth-hunters of Moravia—people who lived when Europe was still in the grip of the Ice Age. We shall not quarrel with the antiquity he assigns to this artist—30,000 years. Some of us, perhaps, would reduce the date by 10,000 years—but even then this modelled face would be 15,000 years older than any other example known to us.

To find a recent parallel to this discovery one may go to the Indus Civilisation. In an account of Sir John Marshall's discoveries there was published in these pages (Dec. 19, 1931, p. 1001, Fig. 7) a torso in stone of a human being which had all the qualities of the best period of Grecian art—only it had been done in India at least 1500 years before such things were done in Greece. How often have anthropologists longed to have a realistic portrait of the extinct men they sought to reconstruct from the bare bones of skulls! And now they have one. It is of particular interest to us Europeans—for it is a portrait of one of the white or Caucasian pioneers who began to colonise Europe in the later phases of the Ice Age. Dr. Absolon seems to imply that it is the portrait of a man: I am sure he is wrong; it is a woman. It might even be the portrait

of a woman whose skull was recovered from the shoulder-blade tomb of the mammoth-hunters in Moravia. The full chin is already there—and that nose!

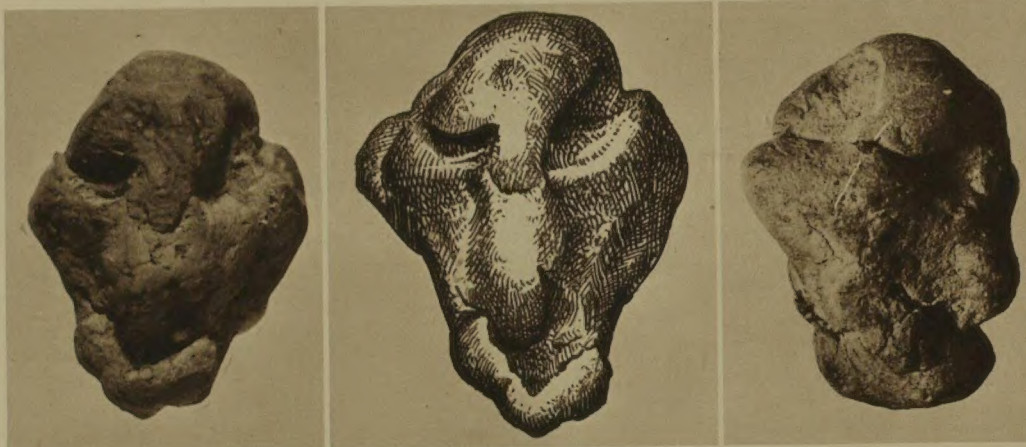
As to the many other novelties described by Dr.

Absolon in his present contribution, there is no need to add to the account he has given. We may express the hope, however, that there may be rich men in many parts of Europe who will be moved to follow the example of the late President Masaryk and place funds at the disposal of Dr. Absolon. It is not merely the early history of Moravia that he is opening up, but the history of our European forefathers—and foremothers!—soon after their first arrival in Central Europe.

EPOCH-MAKING DISCOVERIES AT VESTONICE.

By DR. KARL ABSOLON.

WE were of opinion that, with the discoveries which we reported from Vestonice in a series of articles published in *The Illustrated London News* (in 1925, 1929, and 1936—March 21 and 28), we had exhausted the possibilities of further archaeological discoveries (such as the unique plastic statuettes illustrated in natural colour on pages 503 and 504 in the issue of March 21, 1936), and that it was no longer possible to discover anything more of scientific importance. Nevertheless, a kindly fate has enabled us to bring to light still more valuable specimens, some of them unique, as a result of the explorations carried out in 1936. Hitherto we had no portraits or likenesses which might afford a clue to what the men of the Diluvial Age actually looked like (so far there had only been reconstructions based on skeletons), but in 1936 an epoch-making discovery was made at Wisternitz (Vestonice). We also found evidence, new in the history of civilisation, which gave us definite proof that the hunter of the Diluvial Period was able to count. This was only to be expected in human beings who were capable of plastic



2. ANOTHER PLASTIC CARICATURE, MADE OF SIMILAR MATERIAL TO THAT OF FIG. 1, FOUND AT VESTONICE IN 1934: "AN UGLY FACE SWOLLEN AS THOUGH BY DISEASE"—TWO PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING TO SHOW IT IN DIFFERENT ASPECTS.



3. THE SCENE OF THE LATEST DISCOVERIES AT VESTONICE: THE TRENCH, ABOUT 18 YARDS LONG, EXCAVATED DURING THE LAST SEASON'S WORK—SHOWING THE THICK CULTURAL STRATUM (ON WHICH THE MAN IS SEATED) WHICH YIELDED RICH RESULTS IN PREHISTORIC RELICS.

creative art, who drew and produced ornaments and used reed-pipes, besides possessing more than 200 types of stone products with points 30 cm. (11½ in.) long, and miniature saws made of Carneol up to 5 mm. long.

These new discoveries were made during the second longest season which we have so far had in Vestonice. The extent to which these researches can be carried on is only a question of money, and I record with gratitude the fact that last year's results were made possible by a fund which owes its existence to a munificent gift by the late President Masaryk. In the course of these many years of excavation we have gained so much experience that we now know how to recognise the sites where the earth contains strata of past civilisations. This led us to select an area lying approximately midway between the great "Kjökkenmøddingen" (accumulations of mammoth-bones) which were brought to light in the years 1924-28, and are known to the readers of *The Illustrated London News* from the numerous photographs which appeared in the number for Nov. 23, 1929, on pages 893-894 of that journal, and between the sites where vast quantities of statuettes were found in 1933-34. Our choice was a fortunate one. With our seven experienced men, we excavated from July 7 to Nov. 5, a period of 101 working days. We cut a trench (Fig. 3) 17 metres (about 18 yards) long extending between two fields, in the direction from the river towards the town. We excavated 196 square metres (234 square yards) to an average depth of 2 to 3 metres (6 to 10 ft.) and a maximum depth of 4.4 metres (about 14 ft.), and removed 425 cubic metres (555 cubic yards) of earth.

The first days brought good promise in the finding of an egg-shaped implement made of water-clear mountain crystal for the mixing of red ochre, the third specimen of its kind obtained from Vestonice, which on the basis of an ethnological parallel (from the life of certain primitive peoples of to-day) I assume to be a ceremonial implement, because mountain crystal was the mammoth-hunters' most precious raw material. On July 4 and 5 some curious big bone spoons were dug up. As we had established a portable field laboratory on the site, difficult objects of this kind could be treated immediately with preservatives as they were removed from the bed on which they had rested for thirty thousand years.

On Aug. 8 a positive harvest of stone implements was brought to light. We had never before found so many scrapers together in Vestonice; they represented quite 30 per cent. of the material excavated. Moreover, they are not duplicates, but each one is different. It is a remarkable fact that in this region there were a number of types of so-called "Moustérioliths," atavistic forms recalling an older epoch of the Palæolithic Age. Another extraordinary feature is the quantity of bones and teeth

of rhinoceros. All these were mingled with perfect engraving and perforating tools, types of the developed Aurignacian being by far in the majority. Their archaic hue makes the site somewhat different from

[Continued overleaf.]

A "MONNA LISA" OF
30,000 YEARS AGO?
A LITTLE HEAD IN IVORY,
FAR THE OLDEST HUMAN
PORTRAIT IN THE WORLD,
RECENTLY FOUND AT
VESTONICE.



THE object here illustrated in a number of different aspects is of such outstanding interest, from an anthropological point of view, that it deserves a page to itself, in addition to the photograph of it given on the front page of this issue. As there noted, and more fully explained in Dr. Absolon's article on pages 550 and 552 and Sir Arthur Keith's prefatory comment, the unique importance of this little ivory head lies in the fact that, dating as it does from a period of remote antiquity, some 30,000 years ago, it is the first example of true Palæolithic portraiture ever found, and is thus far the oldest portrait of a human being extant in the world. Hitherto scientists had believed that realistic portraiture, as distinct

from crude caricature, did not begin until much later times. As Sir Arthur Keith points out, even if its age should be reduced to 20,000 years, it would still be 15,000 years older than any other known example. In one respect Sir Arthur differs from Dr. Absolon, whose account of the head implies that it represents a man, by asserting emphatically his own belief—based on the form of the chin and the nose—that it is a portrait of a woman. Elsewhere in his note he refers to the prehistoric artist as "a Leonardo da Vinci amongst the mammoth-hunters of Moravia," having in mind, perhaps, that celebrated painter's enigmatic portrait of Monna Lisa, with which the expression of this ivory face has some affinity.

AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY AMONG RELICS OF MORAVIAN MAMMOTH-HUNTERS: THE FIRST PALÆOLITHIC PORTRAIT KNOWN TO ANTHROPOLOGY—VARIOUS ASPECTS OF A HEAD BELIEVED BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH TO REPRESENT A WOMAN. (The centre profile view showing its actual size.)

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. KARL ABSOLON, CHIEF DISCOVERER OF THE PREHISTORIC REMAINS IN MORAVIA. * (SEE ARTICLES ON PAGES 550 AND 552, AND ILLUSTRATION ON THE FRONT PAGE.)

(Continued.)

other parts of the Vestonice site. It is perhaps a glimpse which tends to show how the site was actually occupied by a succession of fossil men, perhaps by groups larger than families which, at various times, in epochs not very remote from each other, successively populated these regions and became, in the course of time, welded into a large tribe. This tribe had a big centre here, but we suspect that it was continually sending out branches along the great Euro-Asiatic line of migration towards the south-west of Europe—westwards along the Danube into the Rhine territory and even into the Valley of the Rhône. Careful attention has to be paid to this possibility. When our explorations have been carried over every square metre of land and their significance has met with the recognition of foreign scientists, it will be of the utmost importance to know from which particular area of the Vestonice site every object has been derived. Formerly no attention was paid to this aspect, the materials from each area all being mixed together.

Our work was in full swing when rain and cold compelled us to leave off on Nov. 5. This year's material alone would suffice to fill a museum hall. Among the hundreds of objects unearthed, I would mention a number of beautiful bodkins made of artistically-ground bones of the Arctic fox (Fig. 6) and of the wild horse. One of them is decorated on all four sides with transverse straight lines, and is coloured red with red ochre (Fig. 7). Another bodkin is made of mammoth ivory (Fig. 8). An enormous bodkin, 13.5 cm. (about 6 in.) long, is carved out of a fragment of a bone of a gigantic stag. These bodkins were cobblers' or tailors' implements for making holes in skins. We find exact analogies in the material civilisations of the Indians, the Palæo-Asiatics, Patagonians, and other races.

Something quite novel in Aurignacian culture is a very massive, flattened spearhead, 11 cm. (about 4½ in.) long and 18 mm. thick, made of reindeer horn (Fig. 9), with an obvious blood channel down the middle through which the blood of the slaughtered animal could flow away. This massive spearhead was, of course, originally fitted on a wooden shaft. We also unearthed large numbers of spearheads with blood channels from grottoes in Moravia, but these belong to a later epoch of the so-called Magdalenian. To-day we are aware for the first time that the prototype of this weapon dates from the Aurignacian period, thus furnishing additional proof that the Magdalenian is a direct continuation of the Aurignacian, although they belong to succeeding phases of the Glacial Age.

Among hunting weapons, we possess another unique specimen (Fig. 10), a massive spearhead of giant stag horn, 39 cm. (about 15½ in.) long, 23 mm. (nearly an inch) thick, unearthed during the excavations of the previous year. It is in the form of a round rod, flattened at the top end, so as to permit of easily fixing a stone point with the aid of an animal tendon, and is cut at the bottom end into the shape of a fork, to enable it to be fitted on to a wooden shaft. In addition, the spear has a numerical ornament, twice five strokes—i.e., 10; this figure should be carefully noted. Then come a number of unique spoons carved from rhinoceros shoulder-blades; they are perfectly smooth, with artistically-worked shafts (Fig. 4). This is the first Palæolithic discovery of this kind in the world. Hitherto it was thought that spoons with handles were not made until the Neolithic Age. We now know that they existed in the Palæolithic. The shape of these spoons leaves no doubt that they were used for mixing, though we cannot, of course, say in what *milieu*. Everything made of wood has decayed into dust and become part and parcel of the Diluvial deposit. We also found a semi-finished spoon of the same kind, which shows how the mammoth-hunters made these spoons. They cut out the rough form of the spoon from the shoulder-blade of a rhinoceros, gave a finishing

touch to the edges, and finally polished them smooth. In the photograph of the shoulder-blade of an extinct rhinoceros, I have marked in the outlines of both spoons (Fig. 5). Other spoons, of which we found a large number in Vestonice, are quite different, and are made from the massive ribs or long bones of mammoths. One of them, a beautiful specimen made of mammoth ivory, was shown in Fig. 8 on page 501 in *The Illustrated London News* of March 21, 1936. Another is a similar kind of spoon, or perhaps a shovel, carved from the lower jaw of a wild horse (same edition, page 500, Fig. 4). These spoons form one of the most important documents relating to the domestic life of Palæolithic man.

An exceedingly valuable find was a radius of a young wolf, 18 cm. (about 7 in.) long, engraved with fifty-five deeply incised notches (Fig. 12). First come twenty-five notches, more or less equal in length, in groups of five, followed by a single notch twice as long, which terminates the series; then, starting from the next notch, also twice as long, a new series runs up to thirty. We know several of these Diluvial objects

with markings denoting the conception of five. This number corresponds to the five fingers on each hand, which Diluvial man constantly had before his eyes and which no doubt led him to think in terms of numbers. We have here direct proofs of reckoning by fossil man. An object of this kind which possesses even greater value is a stone slab with numerical signs, which will shortly be submitted to the judgment of experts. There



4. ENTIRELY NEW TO THE PALÆOLITHIC WORLD: A SPOON CARVED FROM A RHINOCEROS SHOULDER-BLADE, WITH HANDLE, HITHERTO KNOWN ONLY FROM NEOLITHIC TIMES (ACTUAL SIZE, 32 CM., OR ABOUT 1 FT. LONG).

is no doubt that Diluvial man preferred to use wooden sticks for counting, and only made use of bone by way of exception. Unfortunately, as we know, the wooden sticks have perished. It is probable that the Diluvial hunter wrote down thus the numbers of his "bag." In France, they call this the *bâton de numération*. We propose to submit these objects for discussion at this year's International Anthropological Congress in Bucharest. A large quantity of worked mammoth ivory was found. Small plates, variously ornamented and perforated, artificial three-faced beads, rods, rollers, rings (Fig. 11), which, although they can easily be slipped on the finger, were probably threaded into necklaces. There are many analogies in oceanic cultures. We also found small thimble-shaped vessels for mixing red ochre. It is remarkable that some of these objects are very similar to those found in the Siberian Palæolithic and Palæo-Asiatic cultures.

The most valuable object in the whole Diluvial collection in the Moravian Government Museum, and one which I rank much higher than the famous Vestonice Venus (*Illustrated London News*, Nov. 30, 1929, page 936, Figs. 25-32), is the first known plastic portrait of fossil man. So far we know 169 examples

in which Diluvial man made pictures of himself. Most of them are caricatures, masks, or so-called anthropomorphic forms. In 1934, we found two of these plastic caricatures in Vestonice. One represents a smiling, comic face (Fig. 1), the second an ugly face swollen as though by disease (Fig. 2); both are made from the same material as the numerous animal and Venus models—i.e., pulverised, burnt mammoth-bone and loam. On a previous occasion, in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 14, 1929, I showed a similar caricature face of a fossil man, with an enormous nose (Fig. 42), found in the Pekarna Cave, carved out of reindeer horn. This alone is proof that these objects served for magic purposes, in the conceptions of superstitious visions. The culture of the mammoth- and reindeer-hunters was permeated by a belief in magic. Fossil man was able to draw or represent plastically Diluvial animals in their movements and even in dramatic scenes, and all so true to nature as to show artistic skill tantamount to genius! To-day, everyone has heard of the Temple of Palæolithic Art at Altamira, in the north of Spain; at Font de Gaume, Combarelles, and elsewhere in France, and the numerous publications of the famous Abbé, Professor Henri Breuil, of Paris. Another world-famous drawing is the fight between three bisons which my colleague Czižek and I unearthed in the Pekarna Cave in Moravia, the greatest dramatic record of Palæolithic art (published in *The Illustrated London News*, Dec. 14, 1929, page 1037, Fig. 39).

The unspoiled Diluvial artists were no doubt also capable of producing a drawing faithfully depicting the photographic semblance of a chief, the oldest grey-head, the most successful hunter, or of a mother, the most beautiful woman; nevertheless, the human face emerged from his workshop as a mask, a disfigurement, a grimace, a crazy visage, a caricature. Some vision must have restrained him in his creative impulse, some superstition, the dread of a catastrophe, of demons, of a curse, of a malignant disease or of death. This psychological enigma is an unsolved chapter in the mental life of Diluvial man, with some sort of analogy with the present-day "taboo," or, earlier still, the "totem." Inner Asia is believed to be the original home of Totemism, and it was, in fact, from thence that the hordes of mammoth-hunters spread westward.

With such an ideology, there was no theoretical hope of obtaining anything clearer anthropologically. It can therefore be imagined what a surprise it was for Anthropology when the sculptured portrait of fossil man was brought to light in Vestonice on Aug. 22, 1936. Some "heretic," some sacrilegious man, had deserted the religion of his fathers and, in defiance of all tradition, carved the portrait of a true face. The portrait shows a very noble, fine, animated face, a long, big nose, arched ridges over the eyes, and a long chin. (See the front page and page 551.) How crude are the faces of present-day Australian aborigines or the pygmies of Central Africa compared with this! The face recalls some classical portrait from old oriental civilisations, or even a modern drawing, such as the head of Christ by the Dutch painter Jan Toorop, "Night in the Cathedral."

It will now be necessary to make an exact scientific somatological analysis of this face of primitive man, and determine its characteristics of expression, pure anatomical construction, measurable racial definitions, and so on. The type of face such as that now discovered for the first time fits in well with the high degree of Diluvial civilisation brought to light in Moravia. Thus the exploration work accomplished in the year 1936 has written a new page, but not the last, in the archives of this Moravian Diluvial metropolis.



5. SHOWING HOW THE TYPE OF SPOON SHOWN IN FIG. 4 WAS MADE: A RHINOCEROS SHOULDER-BLADE, MARKED WITH LINES INDICATING PARTS FROM WHICH TWO SPOONS, OF DIFFERENT SIZES, WERE CUT.

MAMMOTH - HUNTER ARTISTRY OF 30,000 YEARS AGO: EVIDENCE OF COUNTING.

BESIDES the outstanding discovery of the ivory portrait-head illustrated on our front page and page 551, the excavations of last season at Vestonice, described by Dr. Karl Absolon in his article on pages 550 and 552, produced a great number of interesting objects—weapons, implements, utensils and ornaments—fashioned and used by mammoth-hunters of Moravia 30,000 years ago. Some of the most

(Continued below.)

8. MADE OF MAMMOTH IVORY: ANOTHER TYPE OF THE VARIOUS BODKINS USED BY THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS FOR MAKING HOLES IN SKINS.



6. MADE FROM A BONE OF AN ARCTIC FOX: A FINELY WROUGHT BODKIN (SEEN FROM BOTH SIDES)—ONE OF MANY FOUND AT VESTONICE.



7. MADE FROM A BONE OF AN EXTINCT HORSE: A FINER BODKIN, DECORATED WITH TRANSVERSE NOTCHES, COLOURED RED, ON ALL SIDES—FIVE DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF IT.



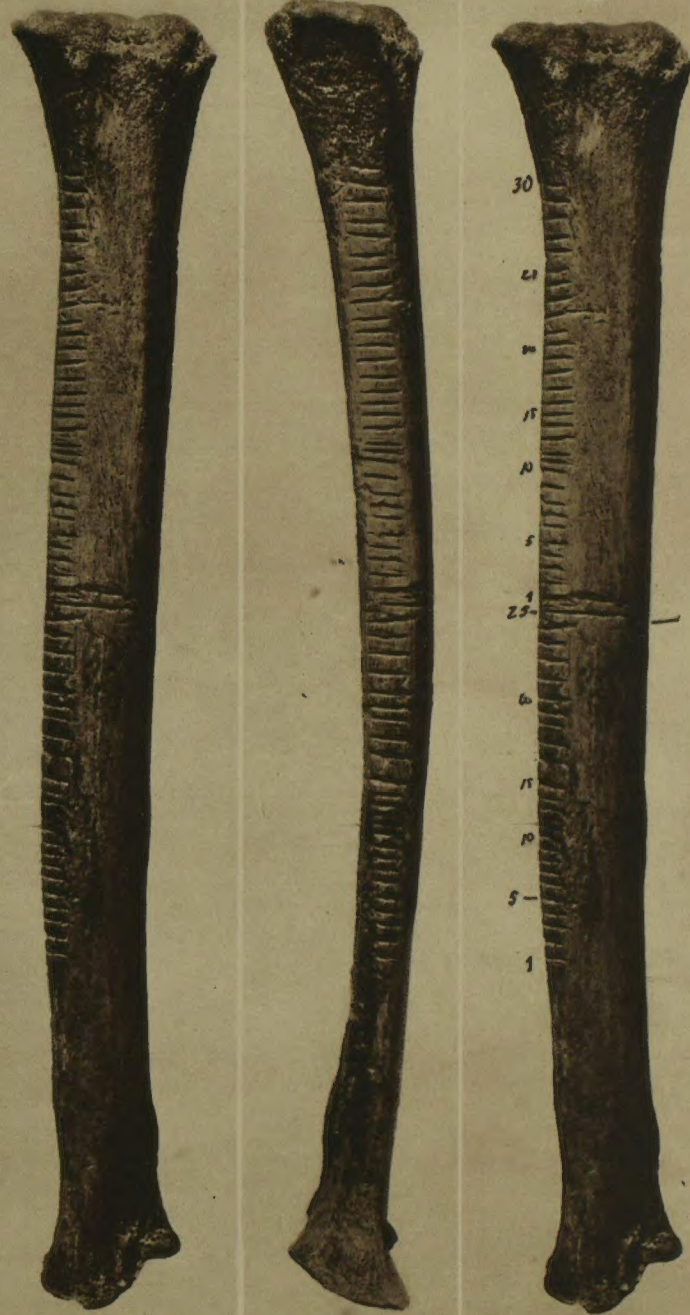
9. SHOWING A GROOVE (LEFT) FOR CARRYING-OFF A SLAUGHTERED ANIMAL'S BLOOD: THREE VIEWS OF A MASSIVE SPEAR-HEAD MADE OF REINDEER HORN (ABOUT 4½ IN. LONG)—A NOVELTY IN AURIGNACIAN CULTURE, HERE SHOWN IN ITS ACTUAL SIZE.



10. A UNIQUE HUNTING WEAPON: A MASSIVE SPEAR-HEAD (15½ IN. LONG AND NEARLY AN INCH THICK) CARVED FROM THE ANTLER OF A GIANT STAG.



11. RINGS CARVED FROM MAMMOTH IVORY: ORNAMENTS WHICH, THOUGH OF A SIZE TO BE EASILY SLIPPED ON A FINGER, WERE PROBABLY THREADED INTO NECKLACES.



12. PROOF THAT THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS OF 30,000 YEARS AGO KNEW HOW TO COUNT: THREE VIEWS OF A WOLF-BONE (THE RADIUS) MARKED WITH NUMERICAL NOTCHES, ON A SYSTEM INDICATED BY FIGURES ADDED ON THE RIGHT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH.

notable examples are illustrated here. The bodkins made from various kinds of bone or ivory were cobblers' or tailors' tools used for making holes in animal skins worn as clothing. Some of the artifacts, such as the spear-head (Fig. 9) grooved with a blood-channel, were previously unknown in Aurignacian culture. Perhaps the most interesting thing of all is the wolf-bone (Fig. 12) engraved with 55 notches, proving the mammoth-hunters' ability to count in numbers. As Dr. Absolon explains, first come 25 notches in groups of five. Then comes a notch of double length ending this series, and the next notch (also of double length) begins a new series that runs up to 30. The groups of five were probably suggested by the five fingers of the hand.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. KARL ABSOLON, CHIEF DISCOVERER OF THE PREHISTORIC REMAINS IN MORAVIA. (NUMBERED ACCORDING TO REFERENCES IN HIS ARTICLE ON PAGES 550 AND 552.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"EVERY man to his own craft," said the sale-room porter to me when I commented on his truly remarkable feat of carrying a twenty-foot ladder single-handed across a crowded room and subsequently mounting it and removing a heavy, three-quarter-length picture from the ceiling with one hand. The reply was just, and in a sense, a commentary on much of our present-day system of education. Every human achievement that is worth anything is the joint result of accumulated experience and practice. Practise makes perfect. Yes, and loving care and the pride that comes from long practise and that not only makes perfection but brings happiness to the creative craftsman.

"Blessèd are the craftsmen," might be added to the Beatitudes, "for they shall share the vision of the Creator of the world." It is a blessing which fewer men enjoy to-day than probably at any other time of recorded history. For mankind, particularly educated mankind, is suffering from the facile delusion that, somehow, results that are worth while can be achieved without trouble. Mass production, short cuts to prosperity, and something for nothing are the catchpennies of the modern world.

Not, I suppose, since Adam and Eve were driven by the flaming sword from the garden has any considerable proportion of mankind believed that life can be conducted without strict regard to the immutable laws of nature. The only exception might be found in the last years of the Roman Empire, when, so far as the scanty records left over from the barbaric invasions reveal, a substantial number of men and women believed that something could be got for nothing and that the kindly gods showered their choicest gifts on men without their having to exercise their minds and bodies to obtain them. It may be that this kind of belief is inseparable from any complicated system of society, in which large numbers of human beings are artificially prevented from watching the laws that govern the Universe at work. The dweller in great cities never sees the truths that stare those in the face who labour in the field or tend their flocks under the stars. If this is so, the corollary must also be true that no highly artificial system of society can ever long endure. History certainly seems to suggest that this is so.

It was my meeting with the accomplished and philosophic porter alluded to above that crossed the t's and dotted the i's of a letter which I happened to have read that very morning in *The Times* from the Chairman of the Harris Tweed Association. He was welcoming the attempts referred to at the Trades Union Congress for improving the material lot of the wage-earner, but pointed out the danger to human work and happiness that might arise from excessive simplification and standardisation. "Such a trend,"

he wrote of the danger of this standardisation spreading to the lives and work of rural craftsmen, "would not only have the deplorable effect of striking at the very root of the principle—i.e., individuality—on which all craftsmanship is based, but would also have unhappy repercussions on our mass-production industries." That I believe to be very true. Man does not live by bread alone, and any materialistic solution of his problems that overlooks it has no chance of ultimate success. If the only way in which man can be adequately clothed and fed is by making him a slave, our remedial measures of social reform are counsels of despair and all progress is a delusion. One

also do. For if in all that is animal in his nature he is a mere producer—a unit of the proletariat—all that is divine in him craves for the power and free will of the craftsman. Craftsmanship to a man, like child-bearing to a woman, is the key to the outposts of Heaven. No man ever found Heaven, or ever will, by merely clocking in. Mechanical and enforced labour is the parent of destruction. Had God on the Seventh Day not seen that His work was good, He would presumably have destroyed His own handiwork. Which is precisely what the factory worker, all over the world, shows signs of wanting to do in this twentieth century of ours.

For, in one sense the defenders of modern capitalism are right, in another they have a bad case. The critics and opponents of the present industrial system attack it for precisely the wrong reasons. It is foolish to say that industrial capitalism has depressed the poor man's standard of living: as a matter of historical fact, it has very much raised it and is likely, if it is not destroyed, to continue to do so. Its weakness is not that it makes the rank and file poor, which it does not, but that it renders them unhappy. That is why they are so ready to listen to the anti-capitalist agitator's strictures on the conditions of their employment, though he gives them all the wrong reasons for their dissatisfaction. They are unhappy because a part of their nature—and that the diviner part—is left unsatisfied. They therefore murmur at their bondage, though they do not consciously know why they murmur.

For in the life of those who labour in factories, as well as in the products of the factories—and the one is the consequence of the other—something is lacking. Charlie Chaplin in his latest film, "Modern Times," saw it with the sure instinct of genius, and hit, with laughter that had more than a touch of bitterness in it, the *malaise* of our age. There

is an essential difference between production and creation. For production is a purely mechanical and automatic process: without the spirit and joy of creation behind it, it is without meaning or intrinsic value. And it leaves the man who labours by the sweat of his brow, that he and his fellows may live, a mere slave to necessity. When Adam was driven out of Paradise he was given this divine compensation: that he should take a joy and pride in the work of his hand. And if that joy and pride is denied him under the artificial conditions of the modern industrial world, it is certain that sooner or later he will destroy that civilisation. That is the writing on the wall—on which revolution, anarchy, Bolshevism are but untidy, ignorant yet inevitable commentaries—and if we do not learn to read it, our fate will be the same as that of Nebuchadnezzar and his lords.



THE FÜHRER AS A SOLDIER IN THE GREAT WAR IN 1914: HERR HITLER (ON THE RIGHT) WITH ONE OF HIS OLD COMRADES IN A BAVARIAN REGIMENT.

At the present time it is interesting to recall that both Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini served as privates in the Great War, fighting, of course, on opposite sides. On August 3, 1914, Herr Hitler, who had left Austria, his native land, for political reasons, petitioned the King of Bavaria for leave to join a Bavarian regiment. Permission was given immediately, and the future Führer served in the German Army for nearly six years. During the war he was promoted corporal and was decorated for valour. In October 1916, he was wounded, but returned to the front in March 1917. On the night of October 13-14, 1918, he was gassed near Ypres.—Signor Mussolini volunteered for active service when Italy entered the war, although as editor of a paper ("Il Popolo d'Italia," which he had founded) he was entitled to exemption, and was called up in September 1915. He served as a private in the Bersaglieri in the trenches along the Isonzo and on the Carso. He did his duty gallantly until seriously wounded by the explosion of a trench-mortar on February 23, 1917. After many months in hospital he returned to his editorial work. He was born in 1883 and is six years older than Herr Hitler.

can give a man assured bread and a roof over his head by sending him to prison, but one does not make him any the happier or better by doing so. Man is not, as Rousseau wrote, born free, yet we believe that he was meant to be. And the only real kind of progress is that which makes him so.

For craftsmanship—and this is forgotten to-day—is not merely an attractive, and rather antiquated and unremunerative, way of producing marketable commodities. It is itself the commodity of price which the economists cannot assess and of whose very existence they appear to be ignorant. In seven days God made heaven and earth: that was the only part of the Divine achievement that the economist can measure. There was another part. For God also saw that it was good. And it is just this that man, if his labour is to be endurable to him, must



IL DUCE AS A SOLDIER IN THE GREAT WAR: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AS HE APPEARED WHEN SERVING AS A PRIVATE IN THE BERSAGLIERI.

'THE BRIDE-TO-BE OF THE FIRST KING OF INDEPENDENT EGYPT.



TO MARRY KING FARUK: MISS FARIDA ZULFICAR, WHOSE FORMER PERSIAN NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED TO AN EGYPTIAN ONE.

The engagement of King Faruk of Egypt and Miss Sasi Naz Zulficar, daughter of Youssef Bey Zulficar, a judge of the Alexandria Mixed Appeal Court, who is to be Vice-President of that Court, was noted in our issue of August 28 last. Later it was announced that her name, Sasi Naz (Persian for "Pure Rose"), had been changed to Farida, meaning "unique," owing, it was understood, to the necessity for a Queen of Egypt to bear a purely Egyptian name. King Faruk's bride comes of an old Turkish family, and is a grand-

daughter of the late Mohammed Said Pasha. Her mother is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen-Mother of Egypt, and she herself was practically brought up with King Faruk's sisters. The date originally mentioned for the wedding was February 11, his eighteenth birthday, but it was reported lately that it might take place after the Ramadan month of fast, which begins on November 5. Under Moslem law, a man cannot marry till he is eighteen, but it was suggested that special legislation might be passed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBAN COMPANY, ALEXANDRIA. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

A JOURNEY IN TIME.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"PERUVIAN PAGEANT": By BLAIR NILES.*

(PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURRAY.)

OFTEN and often on this journey in time," confesses Mrs. Niles, "I have made the fantastic wish that I might find someone who had neglected to die. People are so careless, I said to myself, why couldn't someone simply have forgotten to die? And why might I not find this person and hear the whole story, complete, not just pieced together from fragments preserved more or less by chance? Now, arrived in the journey at the twentieth century, and looking back over the way, I feel suddenly as though my wish had amazingly come true and that I have myself become that person who has forgotten to die." Those who read her "Peruvian Pageant" will appreciate that feeling; for she flies back into the world of old so humanly, so sympathetically—from the sixteenth century in which she sought the setting for a novel to the present chaos of "civilisation," as interpreted by power-coveting politicians, fighting men, and peoples.

She has to thank her vivid, instructed, controlled imagination for her realism; and, for her details, her own experience, Room 300 in the New York library, and the dead who live in diaries and journals and other documents. "On this journey in time," she explains, "I always sought as guides those who had been eye-witnesses, who could say to me: 'These things I myself saw.' And when eye-witnesses were lacking, because during the early centuries of my journey few were skilled in the business of writing, then I turned for guidance to such as could say: 'These things I had from those themselves who had seen, from those of the conquered who survived, while the scenes I have described from my own observations, made soon after the events recorded.'" To all this must be added certain moderns, most notably Dr. Julio Tello, that enthusiastic archaeologist of untarnished Indian blood who rose from childhood in a little village in the high Sierra and youth in Lima (a period of selling newspapers in the streets and bag-carrying)

familiar with the story of Rosa Flores, St. Rosa, who sang as she laboured, self-tortured, to the eighteenth-century "Perricholi," Micaela Villegas, the actress-mistress of Don Manuel Amat, the Viceroy, who, ashamed, gave her gold-and-silver carriage to the Church that the Sacrament might be fittingly borne

to those worshippers of the sun"; the vast cemetery from Chan-Chan, Moche, Paramonga, Nepeña, Pachacamac, down along the coast to Paracas, Ica and Nazca, a thousand miles from north to south, in whose tombs is the story of those who had their being on the coast: "Here," they seem to say, "look and see how it was that we lived, what were our activities, and our diversions, our food and our dress; look into our faces and understand what were our emotions; look upon our gods and behold what manner of things we believed."

And others: the unwrapping of the mummy of one who must have been a personage of high rank, worthy of many layers of rich fabrics, of gold, and of feathers—the gold, one may note in passing, a symbol, not a commodity, as it is now in these days of Standards. Atahualpa, seeking to buy freedom from Pizarro, offered to fill a room with gold, "as high as his arm could reach. And another, twice its size, he would fill with silver." For "it had not taken long for Atahualpa to discover the Spaniards' passion for gold; a strange passion, for in the Inca Empire gold was without purchasing power; valued merely as the most beautiful of the metals, and accordingly its use sacred to the Temple, to the Inca, and to those of royal blood."

Which leads us to other "curiosities." At Paracas: "Beneath the rosy surface of the dunes there are still no one knows how many mummies huddled in their bundles like the unborn in the womb; mummies of rich and poor, old and young, priests and surgeons with the skill to operate on human skulls, removing injured or diseased parts and substituting for them precisely fitted plates of metal. The surgeons' instruments have been found, and cotton pads used to dress the wounds, and rolls of gauze for bandages."

The horses of the Spaniards: "Everywhere the Spaniards had relied upon fear of their horses, strange beasts which had filled the natives with a terror that was superstitious as well as physical."

Cuzco: "The soil of Cuzco's Holy Square was the soil of the Empire, for whenever a new region had been brought under subjection, earth from that section had been carried to the square so that



"THE LLAMA STILL HOLDS HIS OWN AS THE ANDEAN BEAST OF BURDEN, AND NO CONQUEST HAS COWED HIS HAUGHTY MANNER": A LLAMA AND HIS INDIAN. All Reproductions from "Peruvian Pageant" by Courtesy of Mrs. Blair Niles, the Author, and of Messrs. John Murray, the Publishers.

to the dying, and herself heard the rattle of that coach and the trotting feet of its four mules as the *Viaticum* was taken to her; and to the gallant Mrs. Proctor, who drove willingly and cheerfully across the Cordillera of the Andes and resided in Lima, for the sake of her husband, Robert Proctor, Esquire, who, when George IV. was King, went to the Peruvian capital, in peril and in hardship, as agent of the contractors for a loan negotiated with Peru.

And by those other masterly pictures of her painting which set out, for all to see, the grim and glittering glories that were Peru, the humiliations, the slaughter and the executions the Spaniards brought, the Pre-Inca relics, and the interests of the Peru of to-day.

Glances in passing: the ruins of Chan-Chan, capital of the great Chimo, eleven square miles of ruins, a city from whose finest tombs the Conquistadors took between five and seven million dollars in gold and silver; Mt. Huascaran, climbed by fifty-nine-year-old Miss Annie Peck, who thus reached the highest point ever attained on the American Continent, by man or woman; Cajamarquilla, so dead that it could hold no hope for the vultures, "so dead that it has only a name"; Pachacamac, not "less dead than Cajamarquilla, for of this temple by the sea there is both historical and legendary knowledge"; Cuzco, "the navel of the world" to the Incas;

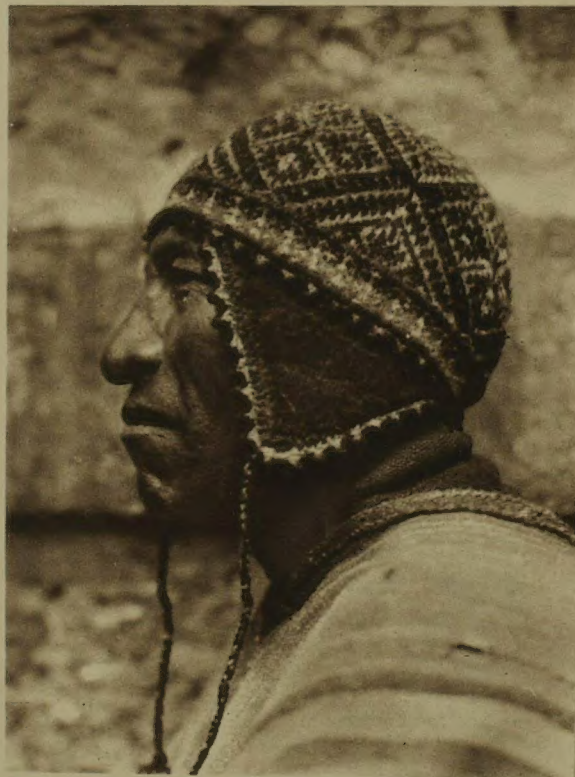
long-forgotten Machu Picchu, "the city of a hundred stairways," the place Bingham identifies with Vilcabamba, the Old, "where the Inca, Manco, treasured the remains of his religion and restored the University of Idolatry, and kept the Virgins of the Sun who had escaped from the ravages of the Spanish Conquerors," and, it might be added, guardian of a sundial of grey stone, "chiselled out of solid rock, with a central finger of stone—some two feet tall. The shadow of this stone finger records the movements of the sun, and upon it the Incas based their astronomical observations. The sundial was a holy place



AKIN TO THOSE RE-CREATED IN "PERUVIAN PAGEANT": A DESCENDANT OF THE INCAS.

to the post of an assistant in the National Library, where he saw photographs of the skulls his father had collected from Inca graves and began his life's task, to the position in which he could delve into the past of Peru and achieve world fame.

Mrs. Niles's description of him and his work is perfect; but it is rivalled by her many other pictures of men and women and events—from the pre-historic to the Pizarros of the Conquest; from that seventeenth-century Sergeant Mugaburu who was



SEEN DURING MRS. BLAIR NILES'S "JOURNEY IN TIME": A MAN OF THE SIERRA.

every tribe might feel that it had a part in Cuzco."

And much else of the past and the present, all of it convincing, all of it fascinating. Would there were more reconstructors of Mrs. Niles's calibre. Her book is one that will not be forgotten. To be alliterative, it has personality, purposefulness, and penetration. The people it evokes are real; and they dwell in realities. Her Journey in Time should be taken by everyone, with her pages as the magic carpet of Tangu. Neglect to die until you have been on the flight!

E. H. G.

* "Peruvian Pageant." By Blair Niles. (John Murray; 16s.)



A GREAT MONUMENT OF MEDIAEVAL AMERICA: "MAYA RUINS AT CHICHEN ITZA, YUCATAN—CASTILLO STEPS,"
ONE OF THE FOUR STAIRWAYS TO THE TEMPLE OF KUKULCAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY MISS LAURA GILPIN, A.R.P.S., IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

SAVING THE WINDMILLS FOR THE NATION: RESTORED AND UNUSED MILLS IN SUSSEX, SURREY, AND KENT.



"JACK AND JILL," THE FAMOUS WINDMILLS AT CLAYTON—"JILL" IS THE WHITE POST MILL AND "JACK" IS THE TOWER MILL SEEN BEYOND IT.



ADAPTED FOR USE AS A DWELLING-HOUSE: THE WEST CHILTINGTON SMOCK MILL, WHICH IS BELIEVED TO DATE FROM THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



NOTED FOR THE EXCELLENT WORKMANSHIP IN THE "BEEHIVE"-SHAPED CAP: THE JOLENFELD SMOCK MILL, WHICH IS IN RATHER BAD CONDITION.



STILL ACTIVE AND RUNNING WITH ONLY TWO SWEEPS, THE OTHERS HAVING BEEN BLOWN DOWN IN 1925: STONE CROSS TOWER MILL, NEAR EASTBOURNE.

SIGNS OF A ONCE-FLOURISHING TRADE: GOOD EXAMPLES OF POST, SMOCK, AND TOWER WINDMILLS.



THE LARGEST AND ONLY ACTIVE POST MILL IN SUSSEX WHICH IS FITTED WITH FAN-TACKLE: THE CROSS-IN-HAND WINDMILL.



RECENTLY RESTORED AND NOW HELD IN TRUST FOR THE TOWN OF BRIGHTON: ROTTINGDEAN WINDMILL—AN OCTAGONAL SMOCK MILL ON A BRICK BASE.



RECENTLY REPAIRED AND ONE OF THE OLDEST WINDMILLS IN SUSSEX: NUTLEY POST MILL; SHOWING THE TWO BRICK COLUMNS NOW SUPPORTING IT.



ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING TOWER MILLS IN SUSSEX STILL WORKING: POLKATE WINDMILL—OF RED BRICK WITH ALUMINIUM-PAINTED CAP.



NOW WORKED BY STEAM, BUT WITH TWO OF THE SWEEPS REMAINING: A BRICK TOWER MILL WITH A STAGE AT WINGHAM, KENT.



STILL POSSESSING ITS FOUR SWEEPS, FANTAIL AND STAGE, BUT SLOWLY DETERIORATING: ONE OF TWO UNUSED SMOCK MILLS AT WOODCHURCH, KENT.



RESTORED, BUT WITH THE MACHINERY REMOVED: CHAILEY NORTH COMMON SMOCK MILL—THE VIEW ON THE RIGHT IS SAID TO MARK THE CENTRE OF SUSSEX.



BUILT IN 1781 AND STILL WORKING AFTER HAVING BEEN REPAIRED: HENNE SMOCK MILL, KENT, LYING THREE MILES SOUTH OF HENNE RAY.

PUBLIC interest in windmills has been greatly stimulated by the work of the Windmill Section of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, which has done much to repair and, where possible, keep in working condition, these fast-vanishing survivors of an important trade which flourished for seven centuries before the invention of the roller mill. Last year Herne Mill was repaired and the means to carry out additional repairs to one of the sweeps was due to the generous assistance of the Duchess of Kent and Princess Marie Louise. Outwood Mill, in Surrey, which dates from 1665, was in imminent danger of blowing down, and the Society have put it in working condition again; while Rottingdean Mill was provided with new sweeps and the body was reboarded. It is now held in trust for the town of Brighton. Two mills which may have to cease working are Great Chishall Mill, in Cambridgeshire, and Tollerton Mill, in Yorkshire, and the Society hope to raise £100 for the one and £110 for the other, in order to put them in good order; otherwise they will soon fall into

(Continued opposite.)



AN OCTAGONAL SMOCK MILL BUILT AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND LATER RAISED ON A BRICK BASE: SUTTON VALENTINE WINDMILL, KENT.



THE OLDEST WINDMILL IN ENGLAND: A RECENTLY REPAIRED POST MILL, AT OUTWOOD COMMON, SURREY, WHICH DATES FROM 1665.

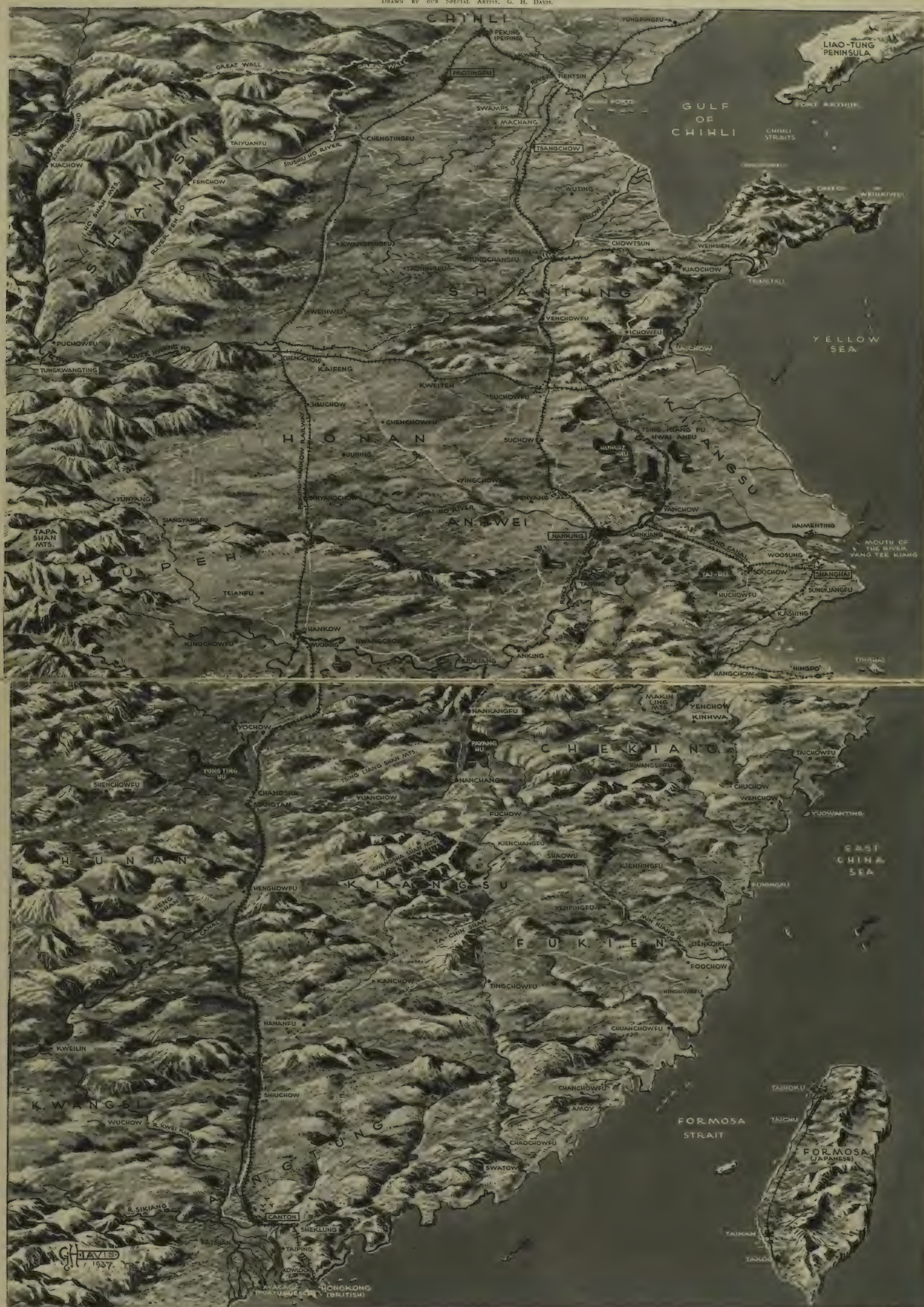
decay. Windmills can be divided into three main types—the Post Mill, which is a square wooden structure, supported on a single upright post, which can be turned by hand to face the wind by means of a tailpole; the Tower Mill, which is circular, built of brick or stone and surmounted by a cap which alone revolves to bring the sweeps into the wind; the Smock Mill, which is similar to the Tower Mill, but built of wood with hexagonal or octagonal sides and stands on a brick base. In different counties these main types may vary in form and height and the majority possess four sweeps, although windmills with five, six or eight sweeps are found. "Sails" is the usual term for these, but in Kent and Sussex they are called "sweeps"; in Anglesey, "wings"; and in Yorkshire, "arms." Of the working windmills now left, many are provided with engines to supply power when there is no wind, but very few grind wheat flour, and their business consists chiefly of grinding animal foods, with the result that when expensive repairs are needed the mill is usually abandoned.



BUILT ABOUT 1800 AND NOW FALLEN INTO DISUSE: AN OCTAGONAL SMOCK MILL, COVERED WITH TARKED SHEETING, ON A BRICK BASE AT SARDEN, KENT.

WHERE THE JAPANESE ARE ATTACKING CHINA: FOUR GREAT THEATRES OF OPERATIONS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



HOW JAPAN IS ATTEMPTING TO SUBDUCE CHINA'S WILL TO HER OWN: A PICTORIAL MAP SHOWING THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE MAIN "THEATRES OF WAR"—IN CHIHLI, SOUTH OF PEKING, IN THE NORTH, AT SHANGHAI, IN THE EAST, AT CANTON, IN THE SOUTH, AND AT NANKING, IN THE CENTRE.

This pictorial map shows the relationship of the chief centres of interest in China at the moment. In the north, in Chihli, the Japanese are advancing along the two parallel railways running southwards from Peking and Tientsin. At the time of writing they had apparently progressed as far as Paoingfu in the west and Tsangchow in the east. There was some fighting at Paoingfu, but, on the whole, the Chinese seem to have contented themselves with rearguard actions, and there is no sign that the Japanese have succeeded

in their intention of surrounding large bodies of troops. At Shanghai they have now cleared a space sufficient for them to land and deploy considerable forces; but here they are faced with much more stubborn Chinese resistance. In the south they have confined themselves to bombing operations against Canton—operations which have evoked widespread horror and disgust by their wanton killing of non-combatants. Formosa, which was taken by Japan from China in 1895, has served as a base for Japanese operations in the south.

GERMAN "AUTOBAHNEN," AS INSPECTED BY BRITISH



ON THE "REICHAUTOBAHNEN"—THE GREAT STATE MOTOR ROADS OF GERMANY—WHICH BRITISH M.P.s AND TRANSPORT REPRESENTATIVES HAVE BEEN INSPECTING: A BRIDGED CROSSING WHERE TWO "AUTOBAHNEN" INTERSECT; AND "CLOVER-LEAF" ROADS LEADING FROM THE UPPER STATE ROAD TO THE LOWER.

THE party of British M.P.s and representatives of British transport interests who have been visiting Germany to inspect the famous state motor roads arrived in Berlin on September 25. The visit has been made at the invitation of Dr. Fritz Todt, Inspector General of the German Roadway system. The Mayor of Berlin, Dr. Julius Lippert, entertained the visitors at an official reception in the City Hall on September 26. Their programme included attendance at the Olympic Stadium, where Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler arranged to speak on September 28. It was decided that the visitors should be driven along the state motor road from Leipzig to Nuremberg, and then go on to Munich for a visit to the great October festival. The next item was an inspection of a further section of the Motor Roads in a drive from Munich towards Salzburg and along the German

(Continued below.)



WITH A DIVIDING VERGE ON WHICH BUSHES AND TREES ARE PLANTED TO DECREASE HEAD-LIGHT DAZZLE: A STRETCH OF THE FRANKFURT-MANNHEIM "AUTOBAHN," RUNNING DEAD STRAIGHT AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.



A BRIDGED JUNCTION WHERE A SIDE ROAD MEETS A MOTOR ROAD; DESIGNED SO THAT CARS MAY SAFELY PROCEED EITHER WAY AT SPEED: A VIEW ON THE FRANKFURT-HEIDELBERG "AUTOBAHN."



ON THE STATE MOTOR ROAD FROM MUNICH TO THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER—ONE OF THE ROADS WHICH THE BRITISH VISITORS ARRANGED TO INSPECT: A COUNTRY ROAD CARRIED OVER THE MOTOR TRACK BY A BRIDGE.

Alpine Road to Berchtesgaden, where Herr Hitler has his residence. On September 30 the party were due at Baden-Baden to see the Karlsruhe-Bruchsal section "Reichsautobahn" opened by Dr. Todt. The building of the "Reichsautobahnen" has gone forward steadily since the first section (Frankfurt-Darmstadt) was opened in May 1935. Eight hundred miles are now in use, 500 miles under construction, and 1250 miles ready to be surveyed. The whole system will total over 4300 miles. When the Nazis came to power, private firms and local authorities were struggling to carry through road schemes without

REPRESENTATIVES: HIGH-SPEED MOTOR HIGHWAYS.



HOW STEEP GRADIENTS ARE AVOIDED ON THE "AUTOBAHNEN": THE MANGPALL BRIDGE, IN SOUTHERN BAVARIA, WHERE THE MOTOR TRACK IS CARRIED OVER WATER ON A LOFTY BRIDGE AS THOUGH IT WERE A RAILWAY.



ANOTHER VIEW ON THE "AUTOBAHN" FROM MUNICH TO THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER: A PICTURESQUE VALLEY SPANNED BY A STEEL AND CONCRETE BRIDGE OF THE SEVEREST TYPE; WITH THE MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.

co-ordination. The Third Reich stepped in and planned the whole scheme on a grandiose scale. Opposition from any quarter was, of course, impossible. Dr. Todt was appointed as "roads dictator." The scheme offered a good solution of Germany's unemployment, at least in part. One hundred and twenty thousand men are permanently kept at work on these roads, but the number has risen as high as 250,000 at times. The strategic importance of this network of communications is, of course, obvious. The roads are planned for fast, safe motoring, and the carriage-ways are separated by a grass strip, on

(Continued above on right.)



ANOTHER TYPE OF JUNCTION ON THE "REICHAUTOBAHN" SYSTEM: A SECONDARY ROAD JOINS THE MOTOR TRACK, BY MEANS OF A BRIDGE AND FOUR FORKS, WHICH PROVIDE SAFE TURNS.

which bushes and small trees are planted to lessen head-light dazzle. It is laid down that cars travelling at high speed must keep to the left, and the slower ones to the right. The surface of the roads is mainly concrete. Railway crossings, numerous on ordinary German main-roads, have been eliminated. There are no cross-roads in the ordinary sense, minor roads being simply carried over. Bicyclists and pedestrians are forbidden to use the "autobahnen" under penalty of fines. A correspondent of the "Observer," in describing the roads, writes that "Naturally, the temptation to speed exists all the time, and this is, perhaps, hard on the wear and tear of most German small cars, which are not built to stand the strain. . . . Huge lorries, however, belonging to industrial and trade firms, find the roads invaluable for speeding from town to town."



ON THE BREMEN-HAMBURG "REICHAUTOBAHN": THE LONELY, DOUBLE-TRACKED HIGHWAY VISIBLE FOR MILES AHEAD; WITH FOOTBRIDGES AND CROSSINGS AT INTERVALS; AND GUIDE POSTS ALONG THE EDGE.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is one of life's little ironies that thousands of men (myself included) who long to live in the country are condemned to toil in towns. Such a fate befalls not only those who are townsmen by birth and upbringing, akin to

The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods,

but also sons of the soil compelled to migrate townward for a livelihood. For such nostalgic captives holidays and week-ends offer the only chance of respite, as suggested in one of the most beguiling books I have met for a long time—"SPORTING ADVENTURE." By J. Wentworth Day, Editor of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. With thirteen Photogravure Plates and fifty Line Drawings by "Fish-Hawk" (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). No nature-lover that "hath been long in city pent," and pines for freedom and the open air, should miss a book so steeped in bird and animal lore, and so redolent of the rural scene.

As a Fenland man, the author writes most feelingly of East Anglia, and especially of its aquatic birds, their habits and migrations; but all sorts of creatures, feathered, furred or finny, that inhabit or visit various parts of our islands and their coastal waters come within his purview. Concerning all that he mentions he has something of interest to say, drawn from his own experience or observation, and almost every sentence contains an informative fact or allusion. While reading his book I kept telling myself that I really must not spend more time on it, having others likewise claiming attention, but always a glance at the next chapter lured me on, and always I found cause to rejoice in having yielded to the temptation. Mr. Day's prose reminds me not a little of Richard Jefferies, except that he looks at nature, perhaps, more from the sportsman's point of view, and is modern in his humour and social criticisms. He has arranged his work on a calendar system, giving to each month a section containing several episodes, reminiscences or discussions of subjects associated with the particular season.

Mr. Day might thus have adopted some such title as "A Year of Sporting Memories," but the one which he has actually chosen is justified by his own explanation of its purpose and scope. "This book," he writes, "is merely the record of a countryman's occasional escapes from London. . . . It has been a recurring adventure—an adventure possible to anyone. One need not be very rich thus to escape." The national value of country pursuits is emphasised both in the preface and the closing chapter, which includes a handsome tribute to the British farmer and his age-old sporting traditions. "From the sports of the field," we read, "springs the strength of character which makes the nation mighty, a man confident of himself, able to take knocks with a smile. They are part of the very soul and spirit of the land. Which is why sport will never die so long as a ploughshare turns an English furrow."

Both farmers and game-preservers would do well to study Mr. Day's book, for incidentally it tells much about the habits and diet of various birds and beasts, showing which are the friends of man, or otherwise. Nor is agriculture the only science affected by nature study. Modern domestic architecture, for instance, is blamed for the decrease of swallows and kindred birds that keep down mosquitoes, but find new farm buildings and houses unsuited to their nests. There are notable passages, too, on the relation of bird flight to aircraft design—a subject which, we learn, has particularly interested Lord Sempill and the late Sir Henry Segrave; also some useful records, collected by the author himself, of the diving and underwater swimming powers of various sea-birds, bearing on principles to be observed in the construction of submarines. Researches into the speed of fish are similarly recommended with reference both to submarine and surface craft.

Talking of fish reminds me that Mr. Day devotes a chapter to a species mentioned on this page last week—the basking shark. He recalls that harpooning this fish has become a new sport, with its centre on the Isle of

Arran, where a fishing-smack has been fitted out for "sharking" parties. To judge from incidents noted in my previous article and more recent occurrences, the sharks seem to have played up well and sometimes to have taken the initiative. Mr. Day's description of them makes their attacks on Scottish fishing-boats more intelligible. "If a basking shark," he writes, "—anything from 9 to 45 ft. in length—strikes one of their nets in pursuit of a shoal of fish, the net has gone in tatters and the boat may even be swamped. The impact of a fish weighing 4½ tons striking a drifting trawl is enough to pull the bows down into a short sea and to cause her to broach to."

Among the most curious incidents mentioned in Mr. Day's book is the story of Sir Alfred Pease being attacked by a pack of stoats in a Yorkshire lane. Another passage shows that, while stoats thus occasionally combine to attack human beings, rabbits will not combine to defend themselves against a single stoat. "Although," says the

goes completely mad."

It would be interesting to know whether there is any similar evidence of seasonal insanity in hatters during the mating period!

The recent suspense as to the fate of the yacht *Endeavour I.* (lessened a few days ago by news that she had been sighted) lends topicality, besides its permanent interest, to a book that will appeal strongly to yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic—"RACING FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP." By Lieut.-Comdr. P. K. Kemp, R.N. With thirty-three Illustrations (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). Familiar as the historic contest has become to the general public as an international sporting event, probably few readers are acquainted with its origin and subsequent development or with that of the famous yacht from which it takes its name. Here we have the whole story, and it is told in a manner that makes it enjoyable even to readers who do not know one end of a yacht from the other. While giving the necessary amount of technicalities, the author has a happy turn for narrative and emphasises the human and personal element, as, for instance, in his allusions to Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith and the late Sir Thomas Lipton.

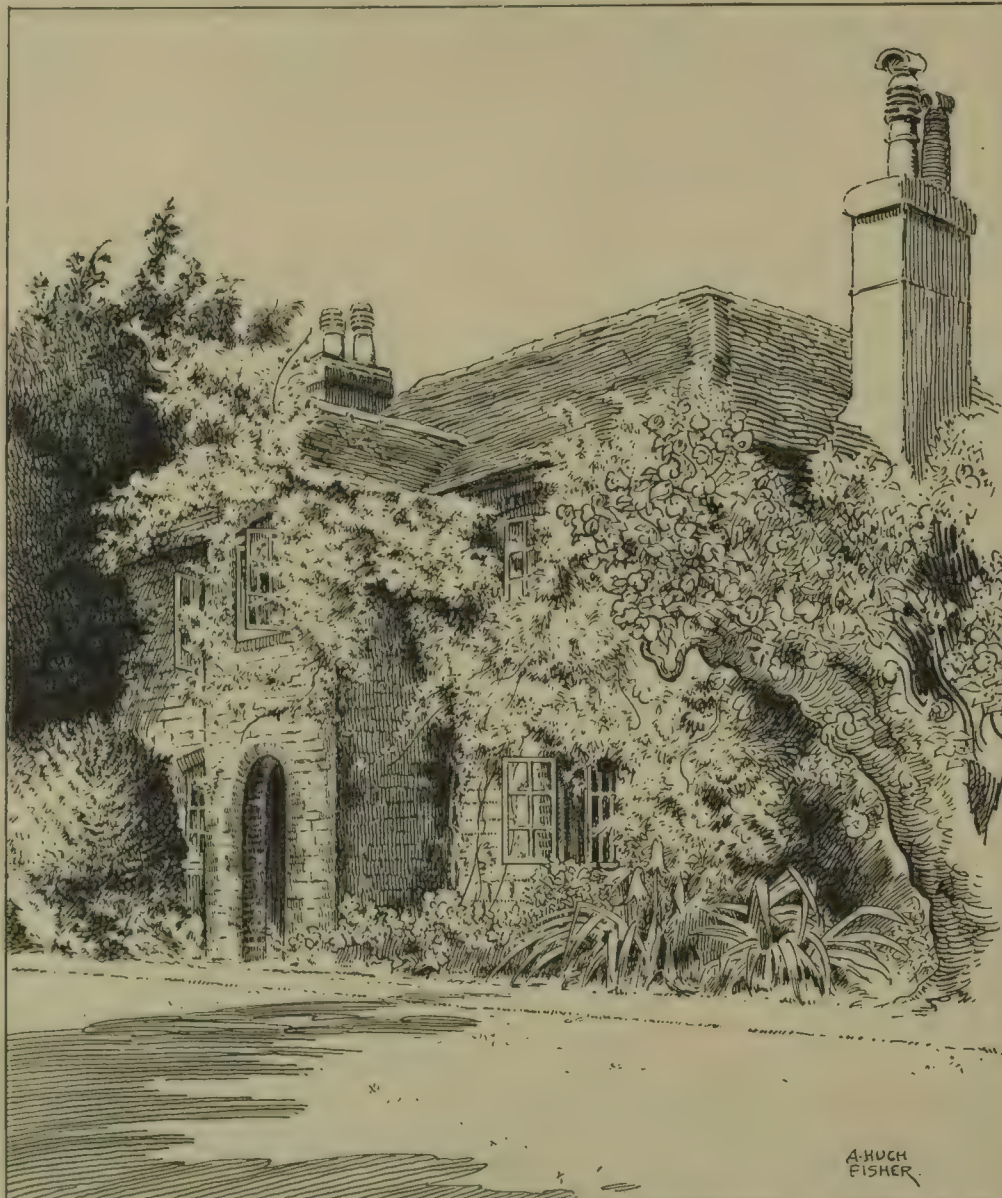
Commander Kemp recalls that since the old *America* won the 100-guinea cup presented by the Royal Yacht Squadron for a race round the Isle of Wight, in the year of the Great Exhibition, 1851, there have been sixteen attempts to win it back, fourteen of them from Great Britain and two from Canada, so far without success. The *America's Cup* (illustrated on the frontispiece) still remains in the Trophy Room of the New York Yacht Club. It is (as the author puts it) the "Holy Grail" of yachtsmen, and the struggles for its recapture have been the great romance of yachting history. Not the least dramatic chapter is that recounting the variegated adventures of the *America* herself, during which her name and ownership frequently changed, and at one time she saw fighting. In 1861 she was used as a blockade-runner in the Southern cause during the American Civil War. Later, being captured and used by the Federal Navy, she herself captured a blockade-running schooner. After many further vicissitudes, as racing yacht or training ship, the *America* was permanently berthed at Annapolis as a Naval Museum, and there she lies to-day, venerated by the American people. "To them," writes Commander Kemp, "she represents much the same as the *Victory* does to us. Both ships are preserved as part of the national history."

It was in 1934 that the *Endeavour* (now called *Endeavour I.*) was sailed by Mr. Sopwith as challenger against the *Rainbow*, and an incident in one of the races caused a New York newspaper to produce the witty headline—"Britannia Rules the Waves but America Waives the Rules." In the following year Mr. Sopwith built *Endeavour II.* as a new challenger, but her predecessor also crossed to America and, strangely enough, on the way over had a mishap almost precisely similar to that which has lately caused so much anxiety. Describing the incident, Commander Kemp writes: "The first *Endeavour*, that peerless ship which was unlucky to be beaten in the America's Cup races of 1934 . . . set sail

with the expedition across the Atlantic. As her professional skipper she had Captain Ned Heard, who had steered Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock V.* in the Cup races of 1930. . . . The *Endeavour I.* was in tow of Mr. Sigrist's motor yacht *Vita*. . . . About 600 miles from Newport, the old *Endeavour* ran into a gale and had to slip her tow. In the ensuing rough weather she got parted from her escort, and had to complete the remainder of the journey into Newport under her jury canvas. In due course she arrived, travel-stained but none the worse for her adventure."

To readers interested in the two foregoing books I can recommend several other attractive works of kindred appeal. As the marine examples are in the majority, I

[Continued on page 588.]



COMMEMORATING A POET KILLED IN THE GREAT WAR: THE FORMER HOME OF EDWARD THOMAS—BERRYFIELD COTTAGE, HAMPSHIRE, WHERE THE UNVEILING OF A TABLET FORMS PART OF MEMORIAL CEREMONIES ARRANGED FOR TO-DAY.

The memorial to Edward Thomas, the poet, who was killed in France in 1917, comprises an inscribed stone on the Shoulder of Mutton Hill at Steep, in Hampshire; a tablet on Berryfield Cottage, at the foot of the hill, his former home, where two of his children were born; and a cot named after him in the children's ward of Petersfield Hospital. The dedication ceremonies, including an address by the Poet Laureate, were fixed for October 2. It was arranged that the inscription on the commemorative boulder should be unveiled by Lord Horder, who, as owner of the property, has provided that the wooded heath surrounding it shall not be built on, but preserved in perpetuity in the poet's memory. It was hoped that Mr. Humbert Wolfe would be com in time to unveil the tablet on Berryfield Cottage. The Bishop of Winchester undertook to dedicate the hospital cot, and Mrs. Helen Thomas to unveil a tablet placed above it. The memorial committee, in expressing gratitude to Lord Horder and other supporters, said that "the perpetual preservation of this hillside will be greatly valued by all lovers of the English countryside, and would have had the complete approval of Edward Thomas himself."

Drawn by A. Hugh Fisher, by permission of Lord Horder.

author, "you may see 30 or 40 rabbits sitting out in a field feeding, with one miserable wretch being hunted by a stoat in and out among them, the rest take no notice. . . . The rabbit is a bit of a fatalist. And he is also one of the biggest fools that ever walked." The intelligent White Rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland" must have been a freak among his kind. On the other hand, there is authority in nature for the behaviour of the March Hare. Referring to this animal's courtship proceedings, Mr. Day writes: "Walk quietly down any little lane at the foot of a field of young spring wheat . . . and you will see the mad March hares more fantastic in their protestations than the newest propaganda from New Germany. . . . At this time of the year, the hare, who, normally, is an intelligent, fleet and graceful creature,

THE MEETING OF THE DUCE AND THE FÜHRER: MUNICH'S FERVID WELCOME.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AND HERR HITLER WALKING TOGETHER AMID A STORM OF ACCLAMATION AND NAZI SALUTES: ENTHUSIASM IN MUNICH ON THE DUCE'S ARRIVAL FOR HIS VISIT TO GERMANY.

Signor Mussolini was welcomed in Munich with immense fervour when he arrived there, on September 25. As he descended from his train at the station, Herr Hitler greeted him, and they walked together to inspect the guard of honour drawn up outside. Then they entered a car and drove to the Prince Karl Palace, where Signor Mussolini rested awhile before going to visit Herr Hitler at his private residence. There the Duce presented his host with a commission as Honorary Corporal in the Fascist Militia, the highest honour Fascismo can bestow. The Duce created this rank for himself, and was then wearing the uniform.

The commission praised Herr Hitler's work for Germany and his friendship towards Italy. Later the Führer called on the Duce at the Prince Karl Palace, and reciprocated by bestowing on him the highest Nazi honours, decorating him with the Golden Medal of Sovereignty of the Nazi Party—an eagle mounted on the swastika—formerly worn only by the Führer himself, and conferring on him also the first Grand Cross of the Order of the German Eagle, with special insignia in gold and brilliants not to be repeated for any future holder. Other incidents of the Duce's visit to Germany are illustrated on the two succeeding pages.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI IN GERMANY: THE DURING A STATE VISIT



THE FASCIST AND NAZI FLAGS, INCORPORATING RESPECTIVELY THE FASCES AND THE SWASTIKA, BORN SIDE BY SIDE: AN INCIDENT AT THE GERMAN ARMY MANOEUVRES ATTENDED BY THE DUCE.



MUNICH ACCLAIMS SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: A GREAT CROWD SALUTING HIS ARRIVAL AT THE TEMPLE OF HONOUR (THE TOMB OF NAZI HEROES OF 1923), OVER THE FRONT OF WHICH HUNG A BANNER BEARING THE LETTER "M."



THE "GOOSE STEP" IN ITS MOST SPECTACULAR FORM: GERMAN TROOPS IN THE MUNICH PARADE PASSING THE DUKE (WITH ARM UPWARD) AND THE FÜHRER (WITH ARM HELD AT SHOULDER LEVEL) AT THE SALUTING-POINT.



THE DUKE PUBLICLY WELCOMED BY THE FÜHRER ON HIS ARRIVAL IN GERMANY: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AND HERR HITLER SHAKING HANDS IN THE GAILY DECORATED STATION SQUARE AT MUNICH.



THE DUKE'S FIRST ACT ON REACHING BERLIN: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, ACCOMPANIED BY HERR HITLER, INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR PARADE OUTSIDE THE SUBURBAN STATION ON THE REERSTRASSE, AFTER LEAVING HIS SPECIAL TRAIN FROM ESSEN.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S memorable visit to Germany began with his arrival on September 25 in Munich. After the incidents mentioned on our preceding page, the Duce and the Führer drove to the Temple of Honour, where lie the sixteen Nazis killed in the putsch of 1923. Afterwards they watched a great parade of troops, standing together at the saluting-point. As each detachment carried its banner past, they both saluted. The Duce raised his arm higher than the Führer, who never brings his above shoulder-level. Later, they left by train for the Army manoeuvres, alighting at Ländorf, in Mecklenburg, where they were met by Field-Marshal von Blomberg, the German War

DUCE AND THE FÜHRER TOGETHER OF MOMENTOUS IMPORT.



ENTERING THE KRUPP WORKS AT ESSEN, GERMANY'S WORLD-FAMOUS ARMAMENT FACTORY: HERR HITLER AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI STANDING UP IN THEIR CAR, AS THEY HAD DONE DURING MOST OF THEIR DRIVE FROM THE STATION.



ANOTHER MOMENT DURING THE PARADE AT MUNICH: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AND HERR HITLER STANDING TOGETHER OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF HONOUR AND WATCHING A DETACHMENT OF TROOPS PASS THEM AT THE "GOOSE STEP."



THE BEGINNING OF THE FIVE-MILE DRIVE THROUGH BERLIN TO THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN THE WILHELMSTRASSE, WHERE THE DUCE STAYED: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AND HERR HITLER STANDING UP TOGETHER IN THEIR CAR, AS THEY LEFT THE REERSTRASSE STATION.

Minister, and General Cöring, the Air Minister. On the 26th Signor Mussolini was escorted by Herr Hitler through the manoeuvres area, and afterwards saw air exercises at Wustrow, on the Baltic coast. On the 27th they visited in the morning the great Krupp armament factory at Essen, and then proceeded to Berlin, in separate special trains. From the Heerstrasse station the Duce and the Führer, drove together in a car along a five-mile route, packed with cheering people, to the Presidential Palace in the Wilhelmstrasse. A State banquet was held in the evening. The programme for the 28th included a mass demonstration with speeches by Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini.



THE DUCE AND THE FÜHRER BESIDE THE TOMBS OF THE 16 BROWN-SHIRTED KILLED IN THE NAZI PUTSCH OF 1923: A WREATH-LAYING CEREMONY IN THE TEMPLE OF HONOUR AT MUNICH.



INTRODUCTIONS AT THE GERMAN ARMY MANOEUVRES: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI SHAKING HANDS WITH FIELD-MARSHAL VON BLOMBERG, THE WAR MINISTER, PRESENTED BY HERR HITLER (SEEN IN THE CENTRE).

CHINESE CITIES WHOSE BOMBING EVOKED THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S "PROFOUND HORROR": NANKING AND CANTON.



NANKING AS IT MIGHT APPEAR TO JAPANESE RAIDERS, WHOSE APPARENTLY INDISCRIMINATE BOMBING OF NON-COMBATANTS THERE WAS ONE OF THE CAUSES OF THE PROTEST INITIATED BY LORD CRANBORNE AT GENEVA, AND SUPPORTED BY 52 NATIONS: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING CONGESTED QUARTERS, PITIABLY VULNERABLE TO MODERN AIRCRAFT ATTACK.



CANTON AS IT MIGHT APPEAR TO LOW-FLYING JAPANESE RAIDERS, WHOSE CAMPAIGN OF "FRIGHTFULNESS" HAS AROUSED WORLD-WIDE INDIGNATION: A CLOSELY-PACKED MASS OF FLIMSILY BUILT HOUSES IN THE GREAT COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS OF SOUTHERN CHINA; TYPICAL OF AREAS WHERE JAPANESE BOMBS WROUGHT APPALLING HAVOC AND KILLED AND MAIMED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE.

The systematic bombing of Nanking by Japanese aeroplanes began on September 22, and that of Canton on September 23. Heavy as was the damage inflicted on the Chinese capital, it was surpassed by the appalling effects of the raids on Canton—a huge city with a bigger population than any in the British Isles, bar London. As we write, the raids appear to be continuing, but, so far, no military objectives worth mentioning are reported to have been hit. These raids have called forth widespread vehement protests, which culminated in that registered by the Far Eastern Advisory Committee of the League at Geneva. In its resolution the Committee solemnly condemned such acts, and declared that they had aroused horror and indignation throughout the world. Lord Cranborne, the British Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was even more downright. "Words cannot express [he said] the feeling of profound horror with which the news of

these raids had been received by the whole civilised world. They are often directed against places far from the actual area of hostilities. The military objective, where it exists, seems to take a completely second place. The main object seems to be to inspire terror by the indiscriminate slaughter of civilians. . . . The extension of air-bombing in China represents a menace not only to the unhappy people who are suffering so grievously from it to-day, but to the whole world. If this tendency is to continue, and is to be intensified, can civilisation itself survive? His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom desire, here in Geneva, to place on record their profound horror at the bombing of open towns which is now taking place in China, and to express their hope that this Committee may condemn such practices in no uncertain terms. The effect on world opinion is, I suggest, a factor which those responsible would do well to take into account."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM THE PRESENT—AND THE PAST.



"ENDEAVOUR I." FOUND AFTER HAVING BEEN LOST FOR 13 DAYS AND SAILING 2500 MILES: THE YACHT KETCH-RIGGED FOR THE ATLANTIC CROSSING.

News was received in London on September 27 that the yacht "Endeavour I.," which had been missing since September 13, when she broke adrift from the motor-yacht "Viva II." in a hurricane off the American coast, had been sighted by a British tanker 260 miles S.W. of the Fastnet. This followed an earlier report of the finding of the "Endeavour I.," which had proved to be false. When found, the yacht had sailed over 2500 miles, alone.



THE U.S. LINER HIT BY A CHINESE BOMB OFF SHANGHAI: DAMAGE IN THE "PRESIDENT HOOVER," IN WHICH A NUMBER WERE INJURED.

The American liner "President Hoover" was attacked from the air 20 miles off Woosung on August 30. A number of the passengers and crew were injured, one of the latter dying later. China accepted full responsibility for the bombing and agreed to make redress. It was explained that the liner was mistaken for a Japanese transport. The Chinese, it was stated, had agreed to court-martial the pilot who was responsible for the bombing.



ANCIENT GLASS RETURNED TO WINCHESTER COLLEGE AFTER BEING LOST FOR A CENTURY: A HEAD OF KING AHAZ.

This piece of ancient glass, which has just been returned to Winchester College Chapel, has had a remarkable history. The glass of the Jesse window was sent in 1816 to a firm of church window-makers at Shrewsbury, in order that it might be cleaned. This firm made a copy of it, sent it back to Winchester, and threw the old glass away. This piece of glass was found by Dr. Stanley Baker recently.



THE "LOST WORLD" IN THE GRAND CANYON: SHIVA'S TEMPLE, THE ISOLATED, VERDURE-COVERED PLATEAU, RECENTLY EXAMINED BY A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

As noted in our issue of September 25, when we gave photographs of the Grand Canyon, the American Museum of Natural History recently sent an expedition to explore two great isolated peaks in the Grand Canyon—Shiva's Temple and Wotan's Throne. These peaks were popularly supposed to constitute a "lost world" biologically. Mammals, including leaf-eared mice were discovered, and flint implements. Both Shiva's Temple and Wotan's Throne have now been examined. A photograph of members of the expedition is on the opposite page.



AN ANCIENT "FALCONET" FORGED IN THE PRESENCE OF CHARLES I.; NOW TRANSFERRED TO THE TOWER OF LONDON.

This cannon, recently transferred to the Armouries of the Tower by the Lords of the Admiralty, was cast in the presence of Charles I., in 1638, by John Browne, the famous Kentish ironmaster. It was mounted on a bastion at Deptford when the Dutch threatened to attack in 1667.



IN THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: A 16TH-CENTURY SPANISH IRON CHEST—THE FIRST STRONG-BOX OF WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.

The fourth Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition was opened at Grosvenor House on September 24, by Lord Lee of Fareham. For the first time, the Fair is under the patronage of Queen Mary, who has lent certain treasures from her private collection at Marlborough House. The particularly interesting exhibits in the Fair include a pair of gloves and a nightcap which belonged to Oliver Cromwell. The story goes that when Cromwell was fighting the Royalists in the West he had



PERSONAL RELICS OF CROMWELL IN THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: A RICHLY EMBROIDERED NIGHTCAP AND GLOVES.

to leave Chard in a hurry on the morning of July 20, 1645. His nightcap, with embroidered crown and deep lace edging, and his brocaded chamois leather gloves—strangely ornate, it seems, for such a severe person—were left behind. For 200 years they remained in a local church, then going, in payment of a debt, to Bristol. The Exhibition has some notable exhibits in the Loan section, the pictures lent by Lord Lee of Fareham being outstanding.



A 200-YEAR-OLD LAP-DOG KENNEL, WITH GLAZED WINDOWS AND SILKEN CUSHION: IN THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



EXPLORERS OF SHIVA'S TEMPLE, IN THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA:
MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION AWAITING THE ATTEMPT.

The scientific expedition to Shiva's Temple had somewhat disappointing results, in that traces were found of previous visitors within the last 1000 years. Our photograph shows (from l. to r.) E. D. McKee; G. B. Andrews; E. S. Humphrey; M. R. Tillotson; Miss Amy Andrews; Mrs. Walter Wood, Junr.; Walter Wood, Junr.; Dr. Harold Anthony and James B. Shackelford.



DR. W. FOXLEY NORRIS.
Dean of Westminster since 1925. Died September 28; aged seventy-eight. In 1906 became Archdeacon of Halifax. In 1917 was appointed Dean of York, where he did a great deal to beautify the Minster. Was Chairman of the Governors of Westminster School.



LORD GORT.
Appointed Military Secretary to the Secretary of State for War and Secretary of the Selection Board, in succession to Lieut.-General Sir Charles Deedes. Was Commandant of the Staff College, Camberley. Served in France and Belgium 1914-18, and won the V.C.



SIR P. COLVILLE SMITH.
Owing to ill-health, has resigned his position as Grand Secretary of the United Grand Lodge of English Freemasons, which he has held for twenty years. Was for many years secretary of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution. Is secretary of the Apollo University Lodge.



PRINCESS FREDERIKA LUISE.
Her engagement to Prince Paul, Diadoch of Greece, was announced on September 28. She is the 20-year-old daughter of the Duke of Brunswick and a grand-daughter of the ex-Kaiser. Is a descendant of the Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover, son of George III.



PRINCE PAUL OF GREECE.
The Heir Presumptive to King George II. of Greece, whose engagement to Princess Frederika Luise has recently been announced. He is the only surviving brother of the King and a cousin of the Duchess of Kent. He was born at Athens on December 14, 1901.



QUESTIONED BY THE POLICE AFTER THE MYSTERIOUS
DISAPPEARANCE IN PARIS OF GENERAL MILLER AND
HER HUSBAND, GENERAL SKOBLIN: MME. SKOBLIN.

The mysterious disappearance, on September 22, of General Miller, President of the White Russian Federation of ex-Combatants, in Paris, after leaving a note with the secretary of the Federation in which he stated that he was meeting General Skoblin and a German officer and feared an ambush, has not, at the time of writing, been explained. Officials eventually questioned General Skoblin, who denied that he had made the appointment mentioned in the note. Later, the General left his hotel with a stranger and has not been seen since. Mme. Skoblin, who is well known to Russians as "The Plevitzkaya," a singer of peasant and gypsy songs, has been questioned by the police.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE WHITE RUSSIAN FEDERATION
OF EX-COMBATANTS, WHO, LIKE HIS PREDECESSOR
IN THAT OFFICE, HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED
IN PARIS: GENERAL MILLER.



MISSING FROM PARIS AFTER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF
GENERAL MILLER, PRESIDENT OF THE WHITE RUSSIAN
FEDERATION OF EX-COMBATANTS: GENERAL SKOBLIN,
WHO WAS QUESTIONED BY OFFICIALS.



ARRANGING FOR ITALY'S PARTICIPATION IN PATROLLING THE MEDITERRANEAN TO STOP
PIRATICAL ATTACKS ON SHIPPING: NAVAL STAFF OFFICERS IN CONFERENCE IN PARIS.

The Nyon Agreement was drawn up in such a way that if Italy reconsidered her decision not to take part it would be possible to include her in the scheme of patrolling the Mediterranean. Naval staff officers of France, Italy and Great Britain have now met to arrange the details of Italy's participation. Our photograph shows (from l. to r.) Vice-Admiral Godfrey (France); Vice-Admiral Sir Philip James (G.B.); M. Campinchi, French Minister of Marine; Admiral Pini (Italy); and Admiral Biscia (Italy).



LEAVING THE ITALIAN EMBASSY AFTER A LUNCHEON IN HONOUR OF THE DUKE
OF AOSTA: THE PRIME MINISTER WITH MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

On September 24 the Prime Minister and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain were guests at a luncheon given by the Italian Ambassador and Countess Grandi in honour of the Duke of Aosta, cousin of the King of Italy. The Duke and Duchess of Kent were also present; and other guests included the French Ambassador, Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Duff Cooper (First Lord of the Admiralty), and Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall.

OCCASIONS AT HOME AND OVERSEAS: LAUNCHES; A CELEBRATION; AND INAUGURATIONS.



THE FINEST OF THE "STRATHS" LAUNCHED AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS BY LADY CROMER:
THE NEW P. & O. LINER "STRATHALLAN" TAKING THE WATER.

The "Strathallan," launched by Lady Cromer on September 23, has an overall length of 664 feet and a breadth of 84 feet. Her gross tonnage will be 24,000; and her engines will develop 24,000 horse-power, giving a speed of 21 knots. She will carry a crew of 563, 448 first-class passengers in 216 single- and 116 two-berth rooms, and 563 tourist-class passengers in 233 cabins. She is intended chiefly for the India service.



THE LARGEST LINER BUILT BY A BRITISH SHIPYARD SINCE THE "QUEEN MARY":
THE NEWLY LAUNCHED 26,500-TON UNION-CASTLE "CAPETOWN CASTLE."

The "Capetown Castle," launched on September 23, was named by Mrs. J. D. Low, Mayoress of Cape Town, who, with her husband, had journeyed from South Africa for the occasion. A bottle of South African wine was used. The liner is 734 feet long and 85 feet broad. She will cover the 6000 miles to South Africa in a fortnight; and can carry 292 first-class and 500 cabin-class passengers. There are refrigerated holds for South African fruits.



EXETER CELEBRATING THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GRANTING OF ITS CHARTER
BY HENRY VIII.: THE PROCESSION OF SHERIFFS LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL.

During the week-end beginning on September 25, the City of Exeter celebrated the 400th anniversary of the granting of its Charter (dated August 23, 1537), which made the city a county corporate. The Sheriffs of the twenty counties corporate in England and Wales took part. On the Sunday they walked through the city in procession, with, borne before them, a Cap of Maintenance presented to Exeter by Henry VII. when he visited it in 1497.



WHERE THE GREAT WAR ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED: A HEROIC-SIZE STATUE
OF MARSHAL FOCH UNVEILED AT RETHONDES, IN THE FOREST OF COMPIÈGNE.

On Sunday, September 25, General George, Assistant Chief of the General Staff, presiding, this statue of Marshal Foch was unveiled. It is of granite and stands on a granite column some ten feet high, resting on a plinth. Among other notabilities present were Mme. Foch, General Weygand, Admiral Sir George Hope, representing Great Britain, and a number of high naval, military, and air officers.



THE TWO-MILE BRIDGE CROSSING THE "GREAT SOUND" BETWEEN ZEALAND AND FALSTER—
THE LONGEST BRIDGE IN EUROPE: ITS OPENING.

H.M. the King of Denmark, who was accompanied by the Crown Prince and Princess, others of the Royal Family, and guests including Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, and Dr. Burgin, Minister of Transport, opened the new Storstrom Bridge on September 26. The ceremony took place at Vordingborg, in South Zealand, and after it the party covered the full length of the bridge, King Christian using the Royal Coach in which he had come from Copenhagen. The British firm of Dorman, Long contracted for the structure, co-operating, as Danish labour and material had to be used as far as possible, with the Danish firm of Christiani and Nielsen. The bridge, which is of steel, is carried on forty-nine solid pillars. Its roadway is divided into three parts—a "side-walk" for the exclusive use of pedestrians and cyclists, a wide motor road, and a single railway track.



AFTER THE OPENING OF THE STORSTROM BRIDGE BY THE KING
OF DENMARK: A GREAT CROWD FLOCKING TO CROSS IT.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

AMONG certain groups of the "lower-orders" of the Animal Kingdom, development from the egg proceeds by means of what is known as "metamorphosis." That is to say, they attain to the adult form only after passing through one or more stages of growth during which they bear not the remotest resemblance to their final, adult form. The Echinoderms afford a striking illustration of this peculiarity of growth, and in each group, the star-fishes, sea-urchins, "sea-slugs," or Holothurians, the rosy-feather star, and the sea-lilies, for example, the "larval" form has its own peculiar personality.

search of a mate? In all other beetles which have lost the hind-wings, and therefore the power of flight, the wing-cases, which are modified fore-wings and constitute the "hall-mark" of the beetle, remain, though they fuse together and can no longer be spread out as they are in beetles which fly. These wingless glow-worm females, however, have become almost indistinguishable from the larval stage which both sexes must normally pass through to attain the adult, winged form. She may be described as a sexually mature larva.

But still more strange is the case of the now famous "Trilobite-larva" (Figs. 1 and 2). For long years this strange-looking creature defied all attempts on the part of the experts to discover whether it was the larval stage of some beetle or not, for they were very certain that it *was* a beetle of some sort. Even when very different forms of "trilobite-larvæ" were discovered no new light was thrown on the mystery. It was found that these apparent larvæ had a wide geographical distribution, ranging all over the Malay States, and all that could be said of them was that these unnamed larvæ must be the grubs of some beetles belonging to the glow-worm family. They

must, in short, be regarded as gigantic glow-worms—for some were nearly 3 inches long. Furthermore, no beetle large enough to be likely to prove to be the adult male of any of these different forms of "larvæ" could be found. Here was a mystery which several successive generations of entomologists tried in vain to solve.

When the late Dr. Robert Shelford took up the Curatorship of the Sarawak Museum, just 40 years ago, he set himself the task of solving the problem, and obtained specimens from Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and Travancore, each evidently of a different species. But after seven years' ceaseless labour he had to leave the mystery as he found it when he began. His conclusion was that they presented us with a new phenomenon among the beetles; that, in short, the adult insects of both sexes never emerged from the larval form.

Then came the search of Shelford's successor to the Curatorship of the Sarawak Museum, Mr. Mjöberg, whose labours have been ably summarised by Mr. G. J. Arrow of the British Museum (Natural History). Mr. Mjöberg, he tells us, tackled the problem by keeping captive specimens of several species of "Trilobite-larvæ" found on the mountain slopes of Sarawak, and at last discovered that some, without further external change of form, became mature females and laid eggs. These females, in short, were not distinguishable from the larvæ until they revealed their sex by laying eggs. But the males still remained unknown. Then, remembering that the males of many moths are easily attracted by an imprisoned female, he exposed several of his captive, egg-laying females tethered by long strings within cages, with a one-inch mesh, in localities where larvæ, and what were now known to be mature females, were commonly to be found. But for a long time with no result. He

tried again by sending an expedition to Mount Penrisen, the highest mountain but one in South Sarawak. Eighteen cages were exposed. Each with its female "Trilobite." These traps were examined three times a day, and still without result. Not to be beaten, he made a fresh effort, and after more than three months' laborious watching, at last succeeded in capturing the long-sought-for male. To his amazement this was no giant, like the female, but a tiny winged beetle about a quarter of an inch long, or about one-tenth of the length of the female! During the next month a dozen or more males were secured,

and thus he established the fact that the great "Trilobites" are the females of a tiny beetle smaller than our English glow-worm, and belonging to the family Lycidæ. And now, for the first time, it was possible to confer a name on at least one of these many types of females. He accordingly named it *Duliticola paradoxa* (Fig. 3).

3. THE ONLY ONE OF ALL THE "TRILOBITE-LARVÆ" OF WHICH THE MALE HAS BEEN FOUND: *DULITICOLA PARADOXA*, IN WHICH THE ADULT FEMALE IS JUST 2½ IN. LONG, WHILE THE MALE MEASURES JUST UNDER A QUARTER OF AN INCH. (HERE SEEN IN THEIR NATURAL SIZE.)

The Lycidæ are a group of beetles related to the Lampyridæ—glow-worms and fire-flies—but, unlike these, non-luminous. Evidently, as Mr. Arrow, one of our foremost authorities on the beetles, remarks, this *Duliticola* group forms a family differing greatly from all the rest. Its members are not found in sunny glades, but in dense jungle, feeding on the moisture of rotten wood. Though the females are abundant, the males, on the other hand, are very certainly far from common. Mr. Mjöberg has found females of

1. IN ITS GENERAL APPEARANCE, MORE CLOSELY RESEMBLING THE FOSSIL TRILOBITE THAN ANY OF THE OTHER SPECIES: THE EARLIEST KNOWN OF THE "TRILOBITE-LARVÆ," THE MALE OF WHICH HAS YET TO BE FOUND; SHOWING (LEFT) THE BACK-VIEW, WITH THE GREAT SHIELD-SHAPED PROJECTING PLATES AND (RIGHT) THE UNDER-SURFACE, REVEALING HOW FAR THE SHIELDS PROJECT ON EACH SIDE OF THE BODY. (SLIGHTLY REDUCED.)

Only an expert could tell what kind of creatures they were.

The changes of some of these "infant stages" are incredibly strange. Some authorities have tried to explain them as so many ancestral adult stages. Hence the theory of "recapitulation," wherein each animal climbs its own ancestral tree. This view, however, is no longer held in its entirety. To-day those who have made a special study of "post-embryonic" stages of development, that is to say, of the history of young animals after hatching, are convinced that many of the most striking external aspects of such "larvæ" have come about as adjustments to the special needs of larval life. But even with this concession we can find no escape from the conclusion, that, making all allowances for structural features which are almost certainly responses to stimuli governed by the physical conditions with which such larvæ have to contend, many of their less obvious peculiarities are heritages from the remote past.

This is very clearly seen in some of the insects, such as the butterflies and moths, and the beetles. We are all familiar with the life history of the former, wherein the larvæ on leaving the egg have the form known as caterpillars. On attaining their full growth they enter on a resting or "chrysalis" stage, which bears no likeness either to a caterpillar or the butterfly or the moth, which at last emerges from this chrysalis. But among the moths the female of some species bears no more than minute vestiges of wings. Have we here an "ancestral" stage, in a state of degeneracy?

The beetles furnish many instances of this kind, and it is with these that I am more specially concerned just now. In the glow-worm, for example, the male (Fig. 4) has well-developed wings, but the female (Fig. 5) is not only wingless, but so unlike what we know as a beetle as to be unrecognisable as a beetle save by an expert. How, and when, and why such a strange condition came about is at present beyond our ken. The lamp-like glow which she emits probably developed as her power of flight decreased. But, assuming this to be the case, what agency started the development, and final perfection of this strange mode of declaring her whereabouts to males in

4. MUCH LARGER THAN THE MALE OF *Duliticola paradoxa*, BUT BOTH POSSESSING WELL-DEVELOPED HIND-WINGS, WHICH ARE CONCEALED UNDER THE WING-CASES OR "ELYTRIA": THE MALE OF THE COMMON GLOW-WORM.

5. A NEAR RELATION OF THE "TRILOBITE-LARVÆ" WHICH, HOWEVER, EMIT NO LIGHT: THE WINGLESS, LARVA-LIKE FEMALE OF THE COMMON GLOW-WORM.

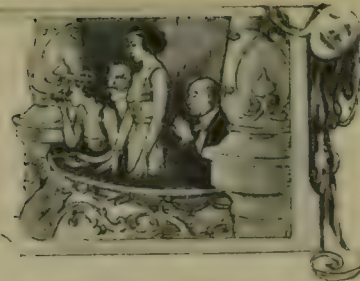
6. ONE OF THE EXTINCT TRILOBITES WHICH SUGGESTED THE NAME "TRILOBITE-LARVA" FOR THE FIRST OF THESE "MYSTERY-BEETLES" TO BE FOUND: *ACIDASPIS DEFLEXA*. The Trilobites are among the earliest known fossils, and number more than 2000 species. (One seen above in natural size.)

six species in Borneo. Others are found in Sumatra, the Philippine Islands, Burma, and elsewhere. Of only one of these, as I have said, has the male been found, and this only after efforts demanding the most strenuous labour, and ingenuity of resource. No insect, probably, remarks Mr. Arrow, has been the object of such a long and persistent investigation.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"VICTORIA THE GREAT."

MR. HERBERT WILCOX, director and producer of "Victoria the Great" (at the Leicester Square Theatre), has approached a tremendous subject with becoming simplicity and earnestness. Having set himself the formidable task of persuading the major incidents of a long and memorable reign into the time-limit of entertainment, his line of attack was clearly indicated, and he has used it with the skill of an experienced general. His tactics do not falter; he does not diverge from his plan of campaign; he marshals his host of historical figures and sets them marching across the screen with purpose and precision. The result is a picture of impressive dignity, stirring the imagination with its well-disciplined echoes

and as swiftly exerting their influence. That strange and alarming innovation, the steam train, carries the royal honeymooners at the unprecedented speed of fifteen miles an hour, miraculously outdistancing the cheering Eton boys who race beside it. The penny post is inaugurated; the Income Tax is levied, though Victoria has qualms about its popularity. Sir Robert Peel introduces his minions of the law; war in the Crimea, in India, throws its shadow athwart the stately halls of Buckingham Palace, or hovers with dark wings over Washington. Trouble brews in Ireland and in London. The crack of an assassin's pistol disturbs the peace of Constitution Hill during the Queen's drive. Victoria enjoys the audacious gaiety of a waltz to Strauss's music, or joins most graciously in a Highland reel. Melbourne, Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli and the rest have their day and pass on. A great story, and told, if somewhat formally, at least with a perception and an honest appreciation of its greatness not only by the director, but by the players as well.

Miss Anna Neagle's Queen Victoria lacks something of the touching quality of a "very little lady" carrying an immense burden with unfaltering courage and innate majesty. That is merely a matter of inches, and not Miss Neagle's fault. Her study is firm in outline, meticulous in detail, and in its maturer stages it gains in natural authority. It is throughout a distinguished performance, carefully considered, and capped in the final scene by a moment of true pathos. To Mr. Anton Walbrook falls the more grateful part of Prince Albert. His share in the great story presents a problem at once more dramatic and more human—and met with more humour—than that of the Queen's. To confront a royal lady in an alien country when all one's luggage has been lost overboard during a miserable Channel crossing; to dare to smoke in a Queen's parlour; these are incidents that can be translated into quite ordinary terms, and Mr. Walbrook translates them charmingly, with an engaging candour and princely courtesy. The two central figures are surrounded and supported by a large company of fine actors who add their colours to the whole composition with quick, sure touches. Mr. H. B. Warner's sympathetic Melbourne, Mr. Charles Carson's forthright Peel, the testy Palmerston of Mr. Felix Aylmer, and Mr. Derrick de Marney's young Disraeli are outstanding. The settings, flaming into Technicolor for the scenes of the Diamond Jubilee, are spacious in design and convincing in their reconstruction of the period, and they lend authenticity to this chapter of English history that has suffered no distortion.

A BRILLIANT EXPERIMENT.

After a lifelong association with the theatre, M. Sacha Guitry has turned his full attention to the screen. As was to be expected of a man of remarkable gifts whose work for and on the stage has always been distinguished by its wit and originality, he has not been content to follow the well-beaten paths of the established film-makers, but has embarked on a characteristic and brilliant experiment. "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," an adaptation of M. Guitry's own novel, presented at the Academy Cinema, breaks away from all forms of hitherto accepted kinematic drama, not so much by offering a new technique to the screen, as by combining two techniques, that of the silent screen and

that of the up-to-date commentator. But the combination has been so dexterously done, so audaciously conceived and ingeniously realised, that the result is fresh, stimulating, and surprising. Watching and listening to this diary of a cheat brought to life in spoken word and animated illustrations, it becomes at once apparent that the author-director was determined to cast his material in a mould inaccessible to the theatre, but possible and well within the province of the kinema. By casting himself for the dual rôles of narrator and actor, he enjoys the freedom of a running commentary and makes delightful use of his privileges. Seated at a café table, M. Guitry, in the character of the cheat philosophically accepting defeat and the modest amenities allowed by his job as a packer in a playing-card factory, starts to write his confessions, beginning with the fate of a small boy, son of a village grocer, suddenly orphaned by a disaster from which he himself escaped. For his parents, sisters and brothers had enjoyed a dish of poisonous "mushrooms," whilst he, in punishment for a paltry theft, went supperless. They

died, he lived, and thus a dangerous philosophy was born. Honesty, it would seem, did not always bring reward, and a thief might go scot free whilst the virtuous suffered. From this slippery spring-board the lad plunged into a career of adventure as page-boy, lift-boy, croupier at Monte Carlo, and finally card-sharper, under diverse and most convincing disguises, at various and fashionable casinos. Fortune smiled upon him until the card-sharper turned to honest gambling, whereupon the fickle goddess frowned and reduced her favourite to honest poverty. A cynical story, if you will, but told with so much humour, so well varied and interlarded with romantic and exciting incidents, that the outcome of it all is a polished comedy sparkling with wit and sharp-edged irony. For M. Guitry brings to this unusual and entertaining piece the inestimable advantage of an exquisite delivery of his own wittily turned lines. He picks out the salient points of his story; he



"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR," SACHA GUITRY'S WITTY FILM AT THE ACADEMY: THE HERO OF THE TALE, AS A BOY, IS PUNISHED FOR A PETTY THEFT BY NOT BEING ALLOWED TO HAVE ANY MUSHROOMS AT DINNER.



AFTER THE ENTIRE FAMILY HAD SUCCEumbed TO THE EFFECT OF EATING THE "MUSHROOMS" WHICH HE HAD BEEN FORBIDDEN TO TASTE, WHICH WERE POISONOUS FUNGI: THE BOY (SERGE GRAVE) FORMING FOR HIMSELF A "PARADOXICAL" OPINION ON JUSTICE AND THEFT.

"Le Roman d'un Tricheur," the film produced by Sacha Guitry, the famous French actor, manager, and playwright, covers forty years in the life of an adventurer. After his youthful experience with the poisonous "mushrooms," illustrated herewith, he adopts a philosophy, "I am alive because I stole, they are dead because they were honest," which leads him through a maze of adventures, to becoming a lift boy in a fashionable hotel, an accomplice in a Nihilist plot, and, a croupier at Monte Carlo. Later he takes to card-sharpping, and becomes immensely rich; but then drops cheating for all time by becoming a real gambler; and so loses all his money.

of momentous events, and filling its vast canvas with a pattern that is at once sober and splendid. Sober and splendid—an apparent contradiction in terms, whose explanation lies in the deliberate avoidance of emotional depths in a necessarily episodic panorama that embraces more than half a century. The story of Victoria and Albert and of the Queen's long years of widowhood moves to a regal rhythm, fluently, even beautifully; but on a ceremonious surface which is scarcely ruffled by the occasional intrusion of private concerns into affairs of national and public interest. With the exception of the final chapter, that cannot fail to be deeply moving in its presentation of the lonely old lady who "had done her best" surrounded and assailed by the acclamations of her people, the picture does not play upon the heart-strings, but within its careful frame it succeeds in packing an amazing number of important people and happenings without any sense of strain or any interruption of its even flow. That in itself is an achievement of which Mr. Wilcox may well be proud. Statesmen come and go, swiftly characterised



A CRUCIAL MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF THE HERO OF "LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR": SACHA GUITRY, AS THE CROUPIER WHO HAS DISCOVERED THAT A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN GAMBLER IS ABLE TO HYPNOTISE HIM INTO SENDING THE BALL WHERE SHE WILLS, WONDERING HOW HE CAN SHARE THE PROCEEDS WITH HER.



"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR": THE CHEAT BROUGHT LOW BY HONESTY: THE END OF THE STORY, WITH THE HERO (SACHA GUITRY) WRITING HIS MEMOIRS.

adds a subtly humorous philosophy, and a personal note that carries with it a peculiarly intimate quality. His method is not, in my opinion, one to invite the flattery of imitation, since it would need a second Sacha Guitry to carry it off successfully, and I very much doubt if such a one exists. It has, moreover, the drawback of limiting nearly all the protagonists to silent expression of their varying emotions. But a slight flagging of the interest here and there cannot detract from the importance of a picture so vital, so intelligent, and so trenchant in its humour as "Le Roman d'un Tricheur."

IN "NO MAN'S LAND" AND THE FRONT LINE: WAR IN THE SHANGHAI AREA.



WENDING THEIR WAY ALONG A COMMUNICATION TRENCH: WELL-EQUIPPED CHINESE HOLDING THE LINE AT KIANGWAN, FIVE MILES NORTH OF SHANGHAI.



INCLUDING ONE MAN ARMED WITH A LIGHT AUTOMATIC GUN: A CHINESE OUTPOST ON THE BANKS OF A CREEK AT KIANGWAN.



PROTECTED FROM OBSERVATION FROM THE AIR BY MEANS OF NETTING: ONE OF THE FEW CHINESE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AT KIANGWAN.



CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE AFTER BITTER FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF THE WAYSIDE DISTRICT: A CAMOUFLAGED CHINESE TANK APPARENTLY LITTLE DAMAGED.



SHOWING A DISABLED CHINESE TANK ON THE FURTHER BANK OF THE CREEK: A SCENE OF DESOLATION IN "NO MAN'S LAND."



"MOPPING-UP" OPERATIONS IN A CAPTURED STREET: A JAPANESE PATROL SEARCHING FOR CHINESE SNIPERS WHO MAY HAVE BEEN CUT OFF.

Most of our photographs on this page were taken in the Chinese front line at Kiangwan, a town some five miles north of Shanghai. They show how well-equipped the troops are at this point and the difficulties the Japanese are facing in their advance. The creeks, one of which forms the "No Man's Land" between the opposing forces, form a natural barrier to tanks and lorries and the Japanese are hindered rather than aided by their superior strength in these vehicles. It has been reported that four thousand more Japanese troops have been landed at Shanghai together with guns and a large number of horses with which it is hoped that movement on a large scale over this type of country will be possible. Our correspondent informs us that anti-aircraft guns are very scarce at Kiangwan, but that

the Chinese are adept at concealing their positions by means of camouflage. The Wayside district in Shanghai was the scene of bitter street-fighting and many of the once populous roads are now in ruins. It was here that the Chinese tank shown above was captured in the effort to stem the Japanese advance. The barracks of the Japanese naval landing party, built after the Shanghai incident of 1932, has withstood Chinese artillery and aerial bombardment remarkably well, but the reinforcements are now quartered in the garages, owing to lack of space, as the building is used as the headquarters of Commander Takeda, Chief of Staff. It is from this barracks that the operations against Kiangwan and the Chinese line stretching north to Liuho will be directed when preparations for the "big push" have been completed.

THE FEAST OF THE MASKAL UNDER ITALIAN RULE : FESTIVITIES IN ADDIS ABABA IN WHICH THE ASKARIS TAKE PART.



THE FEAST OF THE MASKAL IN ADDIS ABABA UNDER ITALIAN RULE: DIGNITARIES FROM THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY JOINING IN THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE CAPITAL WITH WHICH THE CELEBRATIONS BEGIN.

ONE of the most important feasts of the Abyssinians is the Feast of the Cross, or Maskal. This is observed soon after their New Year's Day, and the main function was the Gebur, or banquet, at which raw flesh was served, held on September 20, when the Emperor entertained many thousands of his fighting men at the Palace. As the festivities mark the end of the rains, the occasion is one of universal rejoicing, and the cavalry display held on September 27 (the Dance of the Cross) and the Dance of the Priests on September 21 give ample opportunity for the Abyssinian to

(Continued below.)



LIGHTING ONE OF THE BONFIRES WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THE DANCE OF THE CROSS: AN ITALIAN ASKARI TAKING PART IN THE FESTIVAL.



WEARING AN ORNATE MITRE AND GARMENTS RICHLY EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD: AN ABYSSINIAN PRIEST AT THE "HARVEST-THANKSGIVING."



PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED AMONG THE CROWDS WATCHING THE CELEBRATIONS IN THE CAPITAL: A LARGE COPTIC CROSS OF SILVER CARRIED BY A PRIEST.



WEARING A HEAD-DRESS ENCIRCLED WITH SILVER ORNAMENTS: AND POSSESSING AN AIR OF UNDISPUTED AUTHORITY: THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.



JOINING IN THE GREAT ABYSSINIAN FESTIVAL AND DISPLAYING AS MUCH EXCITEMENT AS THAT SHOWN BY THE NATIVE POPULATION: ITALIAN ASKARIS, FORMING PART OF THE ADDIS ABABA GARRISON, LIGHTING THE NUMEROUS BONFIRES OF WOOD AND STRAW.



A WILD RUSH FROM BONFIRE TO BONFIRE IN WHICH THE NOBILITY ALSO TAKE PART: FESTIVITIES RENDERED PICTURESQUE BY THE WHITE CHAMMAS OF THE NATIVES AND THE COLOURFUL ROBES OF THE PRIESTS.

demonstrate his pride in the warlike qualities of the race and the antiquity of his Church. Our readers will remember that this event held world-wide attention in 1934, when the Italians were waiting for the dry season to commence before opening hostilities. Since the occupation of Addis Ababa on May 6, 1936, the Feast of the Maskal has been held in the capital under Italian control—a wise decision, as it is in reality a form of "harvest-thanksgiving"—and, as

(Continued opposite.)



A DISPLAY WHICH SATISFIES THE WARLIKE INSTINCTS OF THE NATIVE POPULATION AND IS WISELY PERMITTED BY THE ITALIAN AUTHORITIES: ABYSSINIAN CAVALRY PERFORMING EVOLUTIONS BEFORE A CROWD DURING THE FESTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH THE DANCE OF THE CROSS.



DANCING ROUND ONE OF THE CEREMONIAL BONFIRES AND BEATING HIS SHIELD WITH A SPEAR: ONE OF THE ITALIAN ASKARIS, WHOSE PRIMITIVE WEAPONS CONTRAST STRANGELY WITH HIS BAYONET, CELEBRATES THE FEAST OF THE MASKAL IN UNISON WITH ALL CLASSES OF THE POPULATION.

our photographs show, the askaris, who now form part of the garrison, take part in the celebrations. On September 27 bonfires are lit throughout the neighbouring countryside, and the leaping flames, the excitement of the population, the white

chammas of the natives, and the magnificent gold-embroidered copes of various colours worn by the priests combine to create an impressive scene, half-carnival, half-religious, which could scarcely be equalled outside Abyssinia.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PHARMACY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

MOST of us take the local chemist for granted as an efficient fellow who is able to read our doctor's handwriting. We know, of course, that he was not always either so ingenious or so learned, and that once upon a time he lurked in a dingy room beneath a stuffed

crocodile and made up prescriptions of bats' eyes and puppy-dogs' tails for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Even the great Culpeper, writing in 1653, says: "bees being burnt to ashes, and a ly made with the ashes, trimly decks a bald head, being washed with it," and the first "Pharmacopeia" published by the College of Physicians in 1618 recommends crabs' eyes, snails, vipers, and the thigh-bone of a hanged man as suitable ingredients for medicine. Culpeper gravely writes that such things are useless—nevertheless, he says, snails are a cure for consumption and "the head of a cole-black cat being burnt to ashes in a new pot, and some of the ashes blown into the eye every day, helps such as have a skin growing over their sight." All the more reason, then, to be surprised at the extraordinary modernity of the painting reproduced herewith, which is dated 1665 and is a social document of great interest, not merely because it shows that the Dutch pharmacist of the period was a man of considerable standing in the community, but because the painter has reproduced the details of the pharmacy's equipment with meticulous accuracy.

In the foreground are two mortars on porphyry bases. The shelves at the back are fitted with boxes or occupied by an array of Dutch delft drug-jars. It is possible to read their labels, and the conservator of the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum has been good enough to send me the complete list of forty-two items. This list is too long, and too technical, to reproduce here in full, but one or two items will perhaps be of general interest, e.g.—

Mechoacam. The old name for jalap root.

It was called by Monardes (1565) *Ruybarbo de Mechoacan*, in allusion to the province in Mexico, whence the supplies were derived.

S. Oxymel. Syrup of Oxymel—Honey and Vinegar. Mastix. Mastich resin of the Levant.

Agaricum. A fungus (*Polypones*) used as a styptic for arresting hæmorrhage. China Sassap. Probably cassia bark.

The proprietor's wife behind the counter (and what delightful arcaded panelling!) is holding a lemon in her right hand. I confess this puzzled me, for lemons are not uncommon in still-life pictures of this date—and why hold a lemon as if it was something

out of the ordinary? I am informed from the same source that the lemon was considered an auspicious greeting in many parts of Europe and the Near East, so—if this is the explanation—the lady is showing to all and sundry that customers will be received kindly. The man on the right is presumably the master's clerk. From the ceiling hangs a cross-piece, and from this a paper-file and various copper bowls. The object on the counter, which at first sight looks like a cash-register, is a bureau of small drawers. One of the mortars is dated 1652. The whole shop is scrupulously clean and quite obviously the

to whom I appealed, writes that "we have looked through our great collection of photographs but have not been able to find a name for it which is entirely satisfying and convincing in every respect." Some parts are reminiscent of Emmanuel de Witte, others of de Hoogh and his school, while in 1881 the picture was sold at auction in France (Double Collection) for the then high figure of 10,000 francs—i.e., when francs really were francs—and attributed to Ter Borch.

Many unkind things have been said against the profession in every country. This picture can be

taken to show what the seventeenth-century Dutch chemist thought of himself. Here is some poor verse from England (nearly contemporary) which bears witness to the status of his English opposite number, but gives a less flattering portrait. The date is 1680:

'Mongst all professions in the town,
Held most in re-nown,
From th' sword to the gown,
The upstart Chymist rules the roast;
For he with his pill,
Does ev'n what he will
Employing his skill
Good subjects to kill.

The early history of the profession is the story of the gradual emergence of a scientifically educated class of workers in place of a rabble of ignorant petty traders. In 1606 the Apothecaries were part and parcel of the Grocers' Company. They obtained a separate charter in 1617, and for a century indulged in acrimonious con-

trovery with the College of Physicians. The former tried to practise medicine, and the latter did their best to reduce their rivals to the status of grocers once more—that is, roughly, the course of events. The Physicians established three dispensaries in London in 1697 where prescriptions could be made up at reasonable prices—and one Apothecary was inspired to write thus:

Our manufactures now the Doctors sell,
And their intrinsic value meanly tell;
Nay, they discover too (their spite is such)
That health, than crowns more valued,
costs not much;
Whilst we must shape our conduct by these rules,
To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools.

There are numerous Dutch pictures in existence of the old-style chemist surrounded by his bottles, crocodiles, and other mumbo-jumbo. The picture illustrated here is the only one I have seen in which the pharmacist is represented as a serious and prosperous citizen—no doubt there would be more had the profession been more generally prosperous. Of all the seventeenth-century paintings showing physicians, the one I like best is the delightful Teniers in the Brussels Museum known as "The Village Doctor." It is light-hearted, because Teniers was that sort of man (it is almost as sparkling in the high lights as a Guardi), but there is no hint of caricature about it—the humble country doctor is simply doing his job.



1. A PORTRAIT—AND FORTY-TWO PHARMACEUTICAL INGREDIENTS, THE ARTIST HAVING PAINTED-IN THE NAME OF THE CONTENTS OF EVERY VISIBLE JAR, AND GIVEN A WEALTH OF OTHER VALUABLE DETAILS: A DUTCH PHARMACIST PORTRAYED IN 1665. (53½ in. by 40 in.)

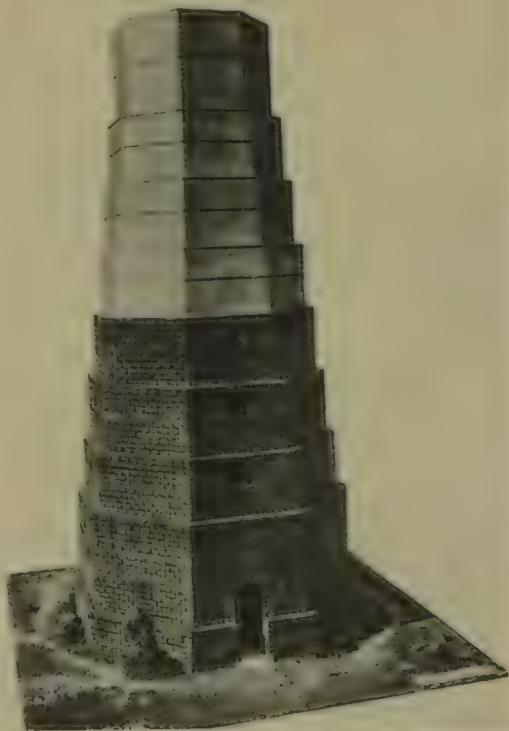
This picture has been variously assigned to Emmanuel de Witte, to the school of de Hoogh, and to Ter Borch. Although the date is quite clear, the signature is indecipherable, and does not correspond exactly with either of the three artists mentioned. The Pharmacist himself is presumably the man facing the spectator; the others being his wife and, perhaps, an assistant.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. Paul Larsen.]



2. A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH COUNTRY DOCTOR WHOSE MEAGRELY FURNISHED CONSULTING-ROOM COMPARES BADLY WITH THE BUSINESSLIKE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PHARMACIST SEEN IN FIG. 1: A FINE TENIERS IN THE BRUSSELS MUSEUM.

proprietor had never heard of an inferiority complex. Quite apart from its professional interest, which requires no emphasis from me, it is a most attractive picture. Unfortunately, though the date can be read, the signature at the base of the second big mortar is indecipherable. Dr. Schneider, Director of the Netherlands Institute for Art History and Iconography,

THE BI-MILLENARY OF AUGUSTUS: THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND ITS FOUNDER COMMEMORATED BY A GREAT EXHIBITION.



A ROMAN LIGHTHOUSE BUILT AT DOVER: A MODEL IN THE EXHIBITION, SHOWING (IN LIGHTER SHADE AT THE TOP) THE PORTION RECONSTRUCTED.



A ROMAN GLADIATOR'S HELMET: A RECONSTRUCTION OF AN ACTUAL EXAMPLE FOUND AT POMPEII AND NOW PRESERVED IN THE NAPLES MUSEUM.



RECALLING A FAMOUS ROMAN ROAD: A MODEL OF TWO COLUMNS (ONE OF THEM STILL STANDING) AT BRINDISI, AT THE END OF THE VIA APPIA.



A ROMAN PROTOTYPE OF THE MODERN BALILLA: A RELIEF REPRESENTING A CAVALCADE OF BOYS BELONGING TO A YOUTH ORGANISATION IN ANCIENT TIMES.



"MECHANISATION" IN THE ANCIENT ROMAN ARMY: A MODEL OF A BATTERING-RAM TERMINATING IN AN ACTUAL REPRESENTATION OF A RAM'S HEAD.



IN THE IMPERIAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF THE AUGUSTAN EXHIBITION RECENTLY OPENED IN ROME: A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF JULIA, DAUGHTER OF AUGUSTUS.



THE ORIGIN OF THE FASCIST EMBLEMS: A ROMAN RELIEF REPRESENTING A GROUP OF LICTORS, BEARING AN AXE AND BUNDLES OF RODS (FASCES), WHO WERE OFFICERS ATTENDING ROMAN MAGISTRATES.



THE FOUNDER OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, WHOSE BI-MILLENARY IS NOW BEING CELEBRATED: A HEAD OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS AS PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

The bi-millenary of the Emperor Augustus, who was born on September 23 in the year 63 B.C., and also the glories of the Roman Empire itself, which he founded, are commemorated in the Augustan Exhibition of Romanism opened by Signor Mussolini on September 23 last in the Palazzo delle Esposizioni in the Via Nazionale at Rome. This great Exhibition, organised on the instructions of Il Duce by Professor Giulio Quirino Giglioli, has taken five years of painstaking work to prepare. It presents a complete picture of Roman civilisation in all its aspects, through reproductions of monuments in all parts of the ancient Roman world. Our own country is, of course, represented, among many others, and at the opening ceremony Professor Giglioli handsomely acknowledged the contributions made by the British Museum, the Society of Antiquaries, the University of London; and the societies for the promotion of Roman and Hellenic studies. The

Exhibition, which is divided into 50 sections, contains over 3000 prints and drawings of statues, reliefs and inscriptions; 200 plastic casts representing Roman architecture; and 15 collections of medals and Roman coins. The military section is rich in models and reproductions of Roman arms and equipment. Celebrations of the bi-millenary will continue for a whole year, until September 23, 1938. "Italy," as Dr. Ernest Barker writes, "has been cultivating the memory of ancient Rome for many years. It is not mere antiquarianism which revives the symbol of the fasces and the figures of the she-wolf and the twins Romulus and Remus. It is also policy—the policy of antiquarian idealism, which cultivates the memory of a great historical past in order to inspire and nerve the spirit for a great and glowing future. The Duce turns back to the Roman Empire because he is looking forward into the future of Italy."

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

SIR HUGH WALPOLE'S "John Cornelius" is the portrait of a literary genius as he is viewed in retrospect by his friend and fellow-writer. It is clear Cornelius was not the man to interpret himself, and that only a sympathetic intimate could piece together the mosaic of his life. His imagination was potent; but from the time he was a child at Port Merlin, the small Cornish town where he first dreamed his dreams, he was incapable of anticipating cruelty; malicious and stupid people had him always at a disadvantage. He was harried almost to craziness in the horrible school where he spent three miserable years. Just as his gentle, futile father received his death-blow from the scorning of the little box he had painted and decorated with seashells, so was John, years afterwards, to be stricken by the critics who savaged the novels he believed to be the true expression of his gift. That they should be derided while the slim volume of the fairy tales could take the public by storm came near to breaking his heart. We do not need to be told he resembles Hans Andersen. The ungainly figure, the naive vanity, the early poverty and spiritual loneliness are all here. As the tablet to his memory in Merlin Church records, he was a stranger in the world his fellow men had made. He moves, impetuous, incalculable, and piteously vulnerable, through the throng of vivid characters with whom Sir Hugh has so brilliantly surrounded him.

"Under Capricorn," by Helen Simpson, conjures up Sydney in 1831, a penal settlement still, but growing into a capital city where the free colonists were enjoying prosperity and pleasure. Young Mr. Adare, newly-arrived from home in the train of Governor Bourke, was stirred to furious resentment by his first sight of a chain-gang in the streets. His sympathies were soon to be more practically engaged with a captive of another sort, a lady of his own race and class. Lady Henrietta had made a runaway match in Ireland with her father's groom, Samson Flusky. The mystery of her devotion to him is cleared up later; all that Adare knew when he entered their house as a guest was that Flusky had been transported for shooting her brother and that she had followed him to Botany and rejoined him on his release. Time expired, Flusky had become rich and made his own way in the medley of Sydney society; but Henrietta, broken by her long anguish, was drinking herself to death behind closed doors. A scheming housekeeper was secretly supplying her, and she and the grotesque convict servants, sketched in with Miss Simpson's incisive talent, are seen moving on the fringes of the tragedy. Adare had a prospecting expedition and the barber-cum-hangman's daughter, with whom he had fallen in love, to preoccupy him, but it is on his relations with the Fluskys and their reactions to his audacious knight-errantry that the narrative pivots. The observation of the lights and shades of human sensibility in "Under Capricorn" is penetrating, and the early colonial scene is extraordinarily vivid.

There is powerful drama in both Joseph Peyré's "A Matador Dies" and Richard Sale's "Is a Ship Burning?" The psychological interest of M. Peyré's novel is intense. The matador Ricardo Garcia's nerve and strength were failing, and, as he knew, a popular idol receives no mercy from the Spanish crowd. He is followed, step by step, to the inevitable end—a simple-hearted man, enslaved by his passion for a predatory woman. She was unfaithful; she was worthless; she drove him as inexorably to his doom as the bulls he had slaughtered were driven to the ring. In "Is a Ship Burning?", Mr. Sale invests the personnel and passengers of the ill-fated *Sau Marino* with remarkable actuality. The crimson light of the catastrophe illuminates them, of course; but even without it their personalities are haunting. The Book Society drew attention to this author's first book. Now he has given us a second one that is a masterly piece of sensational writing.

Charles Lorne's "Nocturne in Sunlight" is finely written and sensitive, as it needs to be to do justice to the melancholy history of the Archduke Maximilian and his Carlota. Julian Braie, a young French painter who had ambitious visions spinning in his head, followed the hapless pair to Mexico, served them with chivalrous fidelity, and, more fortunate than they, escaped from the collapse of the Empire to begin life over again in his native Paris. His daydreams had been shattered by the adventurers who gathered like crows about the Imperial Court and by the withdrawal of the French soldiers, sick and dispirited under the blazing sun, long before he ceased to fight for a

hopeless cause. "Nocturne in Sunlight" is a book that takes rank in the highest class of historical fiction.

"The Real Glory" pays tribute to the services rendered by the United States' permanent garrison in the Philippines. According to the author, Charles Clifford, these are wilfully ignored by American Pressmen and politicians, who prefer it to be assumed all is peace in the Islands. He disposes of that illusion by a realistic account of the hand-to-hand fighting between the scout companies and the untamed tribes. The captains and their wiry little native troops are well worth meeting, and so are their womenfolk, whose devotion enhances the excitement of the yarn. It is pitched in an emotional key, but its sincerity is impressive and is coupled with a shrewd analysis of the contrasted standards of morality and honour in the white men, collectively and individually, and the brown.

the way.) Here are the aberrations of young schoolmasters in love, the aplomb of polite schoolboys who know everything they are interested in knowing; the impish wisdom of a schoolgirl, and the tolerance of a bunch of refreshingly normal parents. A brainless beauty throws the young men into the ferment that keeps the plot simmering. We are expressly warned not to accept these characters. The foreword protests it is improbable that any such people ever existed. But they themselves persist in convincing us they do, and the only regret likely to be felt after reading "Summer Half" is that they remain where they are found—between the covers of a delectable book.

It is not so easy to accept the Australian Legion Horseman in M. L. Skinner's "Tucker Sees India." Yet Tucker is a charming creature, and his creator's enthusiasm for him is infectious. His inconsequence is cleverly manipu-

lated: no matter what incredible action he commits, the circumstances are so designed that he gets away with it. He says he is a waster of the worst kind; but there he underestimates himself. The luck is with him every time, certainly; but it is plain there is durable stuff in Mr. Tucker. He misses in Bombay the transport in which he was being borne to the Great War, and is taken into military custody. But he is straightway brought before a cousin of official importance who—blood being thicker than water—promptly enlarges him and despatches him to deliver a confidential letter to the O.C. of the Malakand Fort. He is ignorant of the Indian languages and the smattering of them he acquires is not worth talking about, but he manages successfully to impersonate an ayah and other Indian types. He is a soldier who faints at the sight of blood, and a private who sports gaily in the Viceregal circle. Moreover, the occult mysteries of the East hover queerly about him. And so does the beauty of India, which comes through with astonishing clarity in this absurd but captivating extravaganza.

The Bobby Owen series of detection novels continues: Detective-Sergeant Bobby has turned up again, as fresh as paint, in "The Dusky Hour." Scotland Yard seems always willing to give him a roving commission, so that it is not surprising to find him digging himself in with Colonel Warden, the Chief Constable of an anonymous district that had been startled by a peculiarly baffling murder. The villains of the piece are international share-pushers, which gives Mr. Punshon's plot a topical flavour. The perplexities of the Colonel are largely due to several truthful people being unaware they are not telling the truth: it is no wonder the poor man's head whirls. However, Bobby keeps his, and runs the murderer to earth by a combination of good luck and good judgment. This is a book for intelligent people, being written with great adroitness as well as distinction. George Worthing Yates stretches the long arm of coincidence in "The Body That Came by Post," where again there are criminal operations on both sides of the Atlantic. You may well ask how a body could come by post. Mr. Yates has not quite played fair with the title, but he makes up for it by keeping the complications lively. "Death Stalked the Fells," by Adam Gordon Macleod, proceeds more slowly; perhaps because Mr. Macleod is too intimate with the English Lakes to want to hurry anybody through them. He has worked out the jewel robbery elaborately, and the crimes committed in the fells succeed each other with precision. They are cold-blooded,

tortuously-planned crimes, too, and culminate in a terrific climax. "The Puzzle of the Blue Banderilla" reintroduces Hildegard Withers, the Yankee amateur sleuth, whom detective-story fans will remember from "The Puzzle of the Briar Pipe." This time the old lady takes a trip to Mexico and attends a bull-fight—and that is where the blue banderilla comes in. Mr. Palmer's humour is never at a loss, and Hildegard is in her best form.

"The Fifth Horseman" closes the long list of Robert W. Chambers's popular novels. It is a kindly story turning on the release of a young girl from the neglect and indignities she endured under her drunken mother's roof in a little American town. Josephine was unjustly ostracised by the neighbours, and one's sympathies are enlisted for her from the start. It is gratifying to find her dowered with a competence after the wretched home had been broken up, and making a success of her social venture in New York. The moderns would have plunged her still further into the depths. Josephine is an attractive character, and her adaptability and determination reap their own reward.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

"Summer Half," by Angela Thirkell, is to be commended as admirable light comedy, and an antidote to boredom, priggishness, or any other mental *malaise*. (It is a perfect counterblast to the earnest school story, by

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- John Cornelius. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.)
Under Capricorn. By Helen Simpson. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
A Matador Dies. By Joseph Peyré. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
Is a Ship Burning? By Richard Sale. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
Nocturne in Sunlight. By Charles Lorne. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
The Real Glory. By Charles L. Clifford. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Summer Half. By Angela Thirkell. (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.)
Tucker Sees India. By M. L. Skinner. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
The Dusky Hour. By E. R. Punshon. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
The Body That Came by Post. By George Worthing Yates. (Lovat Dickson and Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.)
Death Stalked the Fells. By Adam Gordon Macleod. (Harrop; 7s. 6d.)
The Puzzle of the Blue Banderilla. By Stuart Palmer. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
The Fifth Horseman. By Robert W. Chambers. (Appleton Century; 7s. 6d.)

This England...



(Near Redmarley—Gloucestershire)

LET us be thankful for clouds. Let us remember that the blue we crave can, at a month's end, prove more pitiless, more deadening than the downpours of our "February fill-dyke." The great cloud galleons enhance the blue — and give us the green; add gaiety to a March morning and purple majesty to the close of day. And when they decant "upon the place beneath," that you are there is an accident; that the flowers and grass, the barley and the hops are there, is of design. For your enrichment, for your comfort, the rain falls — to give you fine cattle, good crops . . . and Worthington. Yes, let there be clouds



FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

THE "HOUSE" AND ITS CLIENTS

HOW far is the Stock Exchange really responsible for the ills from which speculators and speculative investors have lately suffered? According to an article lately published in the *Daily Express*, from the pen of its able City Editor, the lack of technical knowledge possessed by the average stockbroker was at the bottom of the mischief. Few, if any, brokers, he said, can tell the difference between a blast-furnace and a coke-oven; and not even one in a hundred has ever been down a coal-mine, although they are now recommending coal shares to their clients. The bulk of their news they gather from each other. As with all gossip, the final story bears little relation to the original. "The result is that if Wall Street falls, London falls, and *vice versa*." This is a very interesting opinion, but, with all deference to the wisdom of the rising generation of City journalists—who certainly put much more hard work and intelligence into their job than did the old-timers of my day—I find some difficulty in accepting it. Is it a stockbroker's business to understand the technical details of blast-furnaces and coke-ovens, and to explore the underground mysteries of coal-mines; or is it not rather to be well informed about the management, records, and prospects of the companies that work them? And how far would such technical knowledge help them towards acquiring this information, which, surely, is what really concerns them and their clients? According to my experience, this kind of technical knowledge is quite compatible with complete ignorance concerning the point in which investors are interested: namely, the question whether the mine or furnace, or whatever the outfit may be, is or is not likely to pay dividends to its shareholders.

A CASE IN POINT.

It is notorious that engineers are often misleading judges as to the practical prospects, from the point of view of £ s. d., of properties with which they are concerned. I don't mean the old joke of the judge's *obiter dictum*, "liars, damned liars, scientific experts, and especially my brother Fred"—that was a libel on an honourable profession. But it is not the

business of the technical man to know whether the plant he examines is going to pay, but to be sure that it is technically sound, which is quite a different matter. Moreover, engineers, like all other good workers, get to love the job that they are busy on, and to believe that it is perfect from every point of view. Many years ago I was shown over a wonderful hydro-electric outfit in the Middle West of America by the engineer who had planned it and carried out its construction. It was all ready, and being cleaned up and receiving its final polish before starting operations. This kindly and highly-gifted man displayed its points with all the enthusiasm of a lad in his first love-fit, and even to my ignorant eye it was evident that his work had been beautifully done. But I remember shuddering when he told me that he had realised the savings of a life-time and put his shirt, as he expressed it, into the common shares of the company that owned his creation. On those common shares not one cent of dividend was ever paid. Why this was so I never heard—perhaps my engineer friend had done his work too elaborately and at a capital cost that the enterprise could not stand. It cannot have been owing to lack of market for the output, for this incident happened just before the war; that is to say, just before all kinds of enterprises in America were entering on a period of unexampled prosperity, due to the demands of the European belligerents. It was, surely, just an example of the fact that technical knowledge about plant and outfit, though absolutely essential to those who are working the technical side of an enterprise, does not help, and may sometimes even mislead, those who are responsible for opinions about its present and prospective earning power—the point of most interest to investors and consequently the one on which stockbrokers are expected to advise them.

THE STOCKBROKER'S EQUIPMENT.

On this point the writer of the article referred to speaks with some acerbity. He tells us that the broker needs no qualification whatever for his job; that if a young man who has failed in other walks of life can find a certain amount of capital, he can always, as a last resort, go on the Stock Exchange on a half-commission basis, and can then "pose as a pundit and advise people what they should do with their life-savings," needing to know nothing about business, economics, foreign exchanges, accountancy or law, and only requiring a few wealthy friends and

a gift of salesmanship. All this is true; but how far do youngsters of this kind go on making a living, unless they succeed in acquiring the qualifications necessary for giving investment advice? If they remain mere ignorant camp-followers, the stress of competition will soon, I think, lose them the commissions of their "few wealthy friends." But much more important is the question: "What proportion of the Stock Exchange army do specimens of this sort bear to the number of hard-working and well-informed brokers and dealers who spend their business lives, and often a good deal of their so-called leisure, in studying the position and prospects of the companies whose securities they recommend, and in making honest attempts to forecast the course of trade and business, rates of interest, commodity prices, and all the other influences that may affect the earning capacity on which security values ultimately rest?" In all these matters there has been, to my knowledge, based on nearly fifty years of observation, an immense improvement in recent years. An intelligence department, stuffed with all the relevant statistics, and often run or assisted by someone with a training in economic theory, is now a necessary part of the equipment of a live stockbroker's office. And the dealers also give infinitely more study to the conditions underlying the securities in which they specialise than was done in former times by the great majority.

MARKET GOSSIP.

As to the allegation that brokers gather the bulk of their news from one another, it is certainly true that market gossip has a good deal of influence on day-to-day fluctuations. But it is also true that members of the House, being in close touch with the leaders of industry and business and finance in this and in all other countries that count, have access to information far beyond anything that is available to the outside public, well served as it is by the lynx-eyed Press of to-day. So much is this so that some people now believe that stock-market movements are an infallible barometer foretelling the future course of trade. This seems to me to be a gross exaggeration, because the Stock Exchange, with all its eager search for information and all its uncanny *flair* gained by experience, knows no more than you or I about what the politicians are going to do next. And that, in these dreary times of political bitterness and uncertainty, is what matters more than anything else.

'To-night —6.30'

The most comprehensive display in London of Cocktail Cabinets, Sets and Accessories is always to be seen in Harrods Silver Department. If you do not find here exactly what you want, let us quote for a Cabinet made expressly to match your furnishings.

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Burr Walnut Cocktail Cabinet

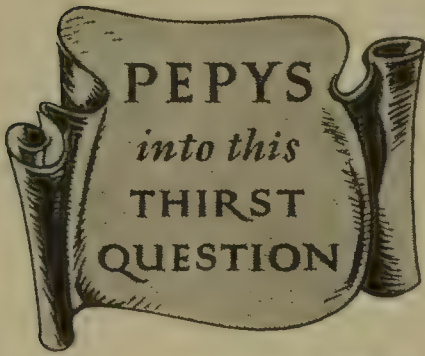
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20 Cocktail Glasses. 12 Sherry Glasses. 12 Liqueur Glasses. 8 Large Whisky Glasses. 8 Small Whisky Glasses. 4 Decanters. 2 Bitters Bottles. 2 Cherry Jars. 12 Cherry Picks. 2 Silver-Plated Trays. 2 Silver-Plated Shakers. One drawer fitted all necessary accessories. Size closed 4 ft. 6 ins. wide 4 ft. 4 ins. high. 2 ft. deep. **£95.0.0**

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OCT. 1ST

Returned yesterday from my holidaying at Cannes. The sea-passage did leave me somewhat queasy, and the train came scandalously late into Victoria. But this day, although I do feel the lack of the hot sun, in many matters I am glad enough to be rid of the puzzlement of what I should drink between meals. For, albeit I have much liking for French wines, I have no great love for their curious 'apéritifs,' which either burn the vitals or taste like Physick for the Cough. So that never before this evening have I so relished my Brandy mingled with Schweppes Ginger Ale. And I swear the gay sparkle and bubbling heartiness of Schweppes Waters have no peer or counterpart among outlandish refreshments across the sea.



BE SURE YOU SAY
Schweppes



PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Of Interest to Women.



Colours are Important.

The autumn fashions are graceful and simple, the detail is carefully studied; generally speaking, the silhouette is straight and slim, shoulders are softened but not exaggerated in any way. Insertions are introduced to suggest epaulettes, terminating midway down the arm, while gathers or pleats are seen when the high sleeve is present. Necklines are high, but monotony is banished; often small bunches of flowers or a pompon of fur give an effective finish. Black relieved with colour is regarded with favour; that delicate shade of blue seen in Romney's picture is in perfect harmony with it, and so are gypsy and autumn tints. Sashes in which several shades are blended have many important rôles to play. They spring from under-arm seams, as well as from the centre of the corsage.

Settling Down.

The unrest in the hat world is passing, and although many will accept the ultra-high model, the *béret* toque will be well represented. A new note has been struck in an affair with a black ballbuntal brim with a slightly upward movement, the crown of the sugar-loaf character being composed of sapphire-blue velvet. Ostrich feathers draped over flat crowns are in the limelight; they are used to represent a telling touch of colour. The Anzac hat in felt with the brim caught up on one side with a feather *motif* is very much liked. Attention must be drawn to the fur coats at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly; they are of exalted merit and the prices exceedingly pleasant. For instance, there are white fur boleros with puff sleeves and flared basques for 59s. 6d., and silver fox capes from twenty-nine guineas. Again, there are Siberian squirrel coats for fifteen guineas and swagger coats of fine quality natural western musquash for twenty-five guineas.

Fur-Trimmed Coats.

There is something about the fur-trimmed coats at Swan and Edgar's that ever wins the gratitude of women of discernment. To them must be given the credit of the model on the right. It is carried out in fancy bouclé, which, with its dull surface, is a perfect background for the sable-dyed squirrel with which it is enriched. It may be seen in the stock size department, and so may the bouclé coats with shaded opossum revers for sixty shillings. For this price there is a coat with a dyed-squirrel tie which can be arranged in many ways. For the morning, as well as for wearing beneath fur and other wrap coats, there is the dress on the right. It is merely four pounds, carried out in knot crêpe; the details of the corsage must be carefully studied, especially the sleeves and simulated vest. It will be noticed that it has a decidedly slimming effect.



Reflecting the Autumn Fashions.

It is a new angora which makes the frock in the centre of the page, the colour being rust tan; there are touches of green on the collar and wrists, admirable foils for the gold embroidery. The cost is six and a half guineas. It promptly suggests lunch and cocktail parties, while the lace dress above on the left will make women think in terms of dinners and dances. Frankly, there could be no more satisfactory investment for four pounds. When the smart coatee is removed, there is a complete evening dress mounted on a silken slip. Chilly nights are rapidly approaching, so it is capital news that Swan and Edgar are making a feature of warm nightdresses; they have a contrasting coat, and may be seen on the ground floor. There are likewise floral artificial silk ninon slips, trimmed with narrow lace frills, for 8s. 11d., while artificial locknit slips are 4s.



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*A new
Lace
Ensemble*



"CLAUDIA."

DIGNIFIED lace Two-piece for the matron. The narrow panel at front gives height and slimness. Finger-tip length coatee with graceful sleeves. In a good range of colours and black. Hip sizes 38 to 50 in.

6½ gns.



TEA GOWNS—FIRST FLOOR

hands



Glance at your hands. Do they do you justice? Is their roughness unworthy of your smart new frock? Regular use of Elizabeth Arden's marvellous Hand-o-Tonik will give them back

that exquisitely leisured look that they may have lost through years of neglect and ill-treatment. Her Hand Cream and Night Gloves complete the good work . . . Do your hands still show the effects of a summer in the sun? Ardena Bleach Cream will restore their whiteness . . . Are your fingers disfigured by cracked, unsightly cuticle? Nail-o-Tonik banishes ugly cuticle and encourages the nails themselves to grow strong and lustrous . . . *Hand-o-Tonik* in two sizes 4/6 and 7/6 . . . *Hand Cream with Gloves* 20/- . . . *Ardena Bleach Cream* 6/6 . . . *Nail-o-Tonik* 2/9

*Elizabeth
Arden*

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

QUITE a number of makers are not altering the mechanical details of their cars for the 1938 season. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have notified their agents



THE NEW HUMBER "SNIPE" TESTED BY A CONTINENTAL TOUR: THE CAR IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING AT ISTANBUL (CONSTANTINOPLE).

This new model, a 21-h.p. six-cylinder Humber "Snipe," just announced, has been intensively tested over some of the roughest roads on the Continent. The saloon body holds five passengers. Even-keel front-wheel suspension makes for smooth running. The car is priced at £345. There is also a 16-h.p. model at £330.

that there will be no modifications in the design of the chassis of the "Phantom III." or the 25/30-h.p. cars which will be on view at the forthcoming Motor Exhibition at Earl's Court. Bentley Motors (1931), Ltd., also state that the design of the 4½-litre chassis remains unaltered in the cars which will be seen there. Consequently, owners of these makes can feel assured that their cars are up to date. On the other hand, two entirely new models will be included in the Humber programme for 1938, which was announced on Sept. 23. Also, Clement Talbot state that they

will have something entirely new and of exceptional interest to offer the motoring public for the new season.

Sales of M.G. cars during the past twelve months have constituted a record, both in purchasers at home and abroad. Consequently, the M.G. Car Co., Ltd., are able to produce the extra demand for their products without increasing prices for standard produc-

tions, the only extras for the 1938 models being that, where special coachwork is fitted, the coach-builders are increasing their price. The 1938 range comprises the M.G. "Midget" Series T two-seater, listed at £222; the 1½-litre M.G. Series "VA" tourer at £260, saloon (four doors) at £325 (plus £5 extra if Jackall jacks are fitted); and the M.G. 2-litre Series "SA," costing £399 for tourer and £389 for saloon. The folding-head four-some coupés in the 1½-litre and the 2-litre chassis built by Salmons and Sons, of Newport Pagnell, have been increased in price by £16 and £17 respectively, so now cost £356 and £415, including permanent jacks. The M.G. Car Co. continue their policy of making alterations when

desirable in place of new models at show time, so there are no mechanical changes in the present cars. An entirely new and attractive form of sports open four-seater touring coachwork, built by Charlesworth, with cut away doors and disappearing hood, will make its first appearance at Earl's Court.

All holders of tickets—either purchased at the entrance gates

or seasons bought before-hand—can give free admission to one lady on Oct. 14, the opening day of the Motor Show at Earl's Court. Women are well catered for by the new models this year. For instance, visitors to the Car Mart, Ltd., showrooms can see the latest Stanhope coupés available on the 14-h.p. Standard chassis at £285 and on the 20-h.p. chassis at £345. Unusual in the foursome type of coupé, these new Standard cars are full five-seaters, due to the extra space provided by the way the coachwork is tapered, spreading well over the wheel arches at the back to give a nicely wider seat. The drop-head can be fixed in three positions, so that it can be fully open or closed or as a town carriage (*de ville*, as the French term it) in the half-open position covering the rear seats. This year the eleventh annual motor ball will take place at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on Tuesday, Oct. 19, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent, in aid of the Motor Trade Benevolent Fund.



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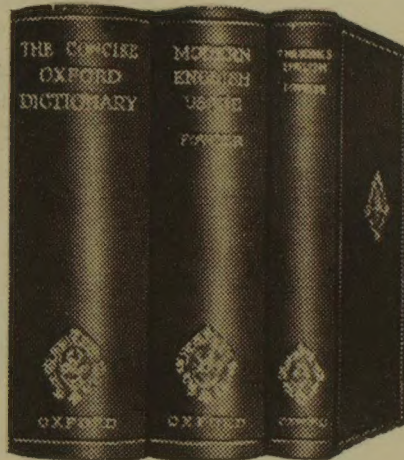
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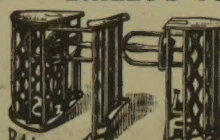
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE," AT THE ROYALTY.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING has provided a perfect setting for Mr. J. B. Priestley's latest play. It is the sitting-room of the Black Bull Inn on the Yorkshire Moors—is, in fact, the very place that would make one, though on a first visit, murmur Rossetti's lines: "I have been here before, But when or how I cannot tell." There is an old German professor (beautifully played by Mr. Lewis Casson) who thinks of life as a circular groove round which we revolve again and again. In a way, it is also a spiral groove, for, by an act of intense will power, one may move upwards from one's predetermined fate. The professor is awaiting the coming of visitors, of whose previous existence he has knowledge. There will be a gloomy, drink-sodden business man. With him his young and pretty wife, who will, despite herself, fall violently in love with a young school-master convalescing there. In a former existence, the business man found them in each other's arms and committed suicide; thus involving the young couple in a scandal that ruined their lives. It is the professor's aim to prevent the repetition of such a tragedy. In a magnificent third act, he achieves his ambition. The husband, instead of committing suicide, faces up to life and succeeds in breaking through the groove in which Fate seemed to have him held fast. By this effort he secures for himself more happiness in future incarnations. As the husband, Mr. Wilfrid Lawson gives a remarkable performance. It is a brilliant study of a hag-ridden man, haunted by half-remembered dreams of a previous tragedy. Mr. Lawson has long been considered, by the few, one of our best actors. It is likely he will now be acclaimed by the many. Mr. William Fox and Miss Patricia Hilliard play the young lovers with real subtlety. A nice contrast are the level-headed Yorkshire landlord and his homely, hospitable daughter. These parts are effectively played by Mr. William Heilbronn and Miss Eileen Beldon.

"TAKE IT EASY," AT THE PALACE.

Miss Barbara Blair has attempted too much. She has not only made herself, in a sense, responsible for the presentation of this musical comedy, but

has had a hand in writing the book, music and lyrics. Had she been content with playing the leading part and allowed someone else to provide her material, the result might have been more successful. As "Snooney," a hen-witted young person, she displayed a sense of comedy, but handicapped herself by inaudibility. The gallery grew legitimately restless as line after line died away at the fifth or sixth row of the stalls. The story concerns a semi-amateur production which a wealthy man agrees to finance on condition that his daughter is given the leading part. The actual show, of which we see fragments through a gauze, on its first night, comes too near reality to be amusing. One may burlesque a Theatre Royal Back-Drawing-Room production, but one shouldn't play it as if it had actually been contrived in the billiards-room after lunch.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 564.)

will take them first. A well-known chronicler of modern adventures in sailing-ships describes his experiences while circumnavigating the globe in a vessel of his own, which he bought at Copenhagen and renamed after a famous seafaring novelist. His new book is "CRUISE OF THE CONRAD": A Journal of a Voyage Round the World, Undertaken and Carried Out in the Ship *Joseph Conrad*, 212 Tons, in 1934, 1935, and 1936 by Way of Good Hope, the South Seas, the East Indies and Cape Horn. By Alan Villiers. With fifty-six Illustrations, Plans, and an End Paper of the Route (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.). The illustrations are particularly fine.

Another devotee of sail, who had a ship built for him in the island of Celebes, pictures native life in that part of the world in "MAKASSAR SAILING." By G. E. P. Collins. With twenty-four Illustrations, Maps and Plans (Cape; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Collins is good at description, and among other things he describes the gruesome, and aforesaid murderous, rites connected with the building of a new prahu. He also gives much interesting detail concerning native marriage customs and the social position of women.

From Germany comes an interesting and lavishly illustrated work entitled "DIRK III.": Jottings from the Log and Camera of a Cruising Yachtsman. By Hans Domizlaff. With 259 Photographs (John Miles, Ltd.; 10s. 6d.). The translation is the work of Dr. Stafford-Hatfield, and the dedication of the book to a President of the Imperial Yacht Club might be assumed to imply a pre-war date for the author's adventures, which took him to the Baltic, Sweden and Norway, the Shetlands, the Farøes, and into the Arctic circle.

Waters more familiar to the average English reader saw the less ambitious and amateur voyaging of two girls in a boat, amusingly described in "A DINGHY ON THE LONDON RIVER." By Elisabeth Fairholme and Pamela Powell. With eleven Illustrations (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.). As in "Three Men in a Boat," there is a person called George.

With the last two books on my list, I return to land and an atmosphere more in keeping with the adventures of Mr. Wentworth Day. Several of the creatures he describes, such as the moorhen, the quarrelsome shrew, the red squirrel, and the grey squirrel ("the supreme murderer of the woods," as he calls it), besides the frog and the toad, are considered rather in the capacity of pets or playfellows, but without sentimentality, in a charming book called "SWIFT MOVEMENT IN THE TREES": And at Their Roots. By Phyllis Kelway. With Photographs by the Author (Longmans; 6s.).

Sporting requirements rather than nature study form the motive of "GROUSE LAND": And the Fringe of the Moor. By Lieut.-Colonel Lord George Scott. With a Foreword by Lord Ernest Hamilton and a Chapter on Snipe by the Hon. H. Douglas-Home. Illustrated (Witherby; 7s. 6d.). This authoritative book will doubtless find many friends at the present season. Although the author modestly writes himself down "pre-War," Lord Ernest Hamilton describes him as "one of the foremost living experts" on moorland game, a "brilliant shot and an intense enthusiast." C. E. B.

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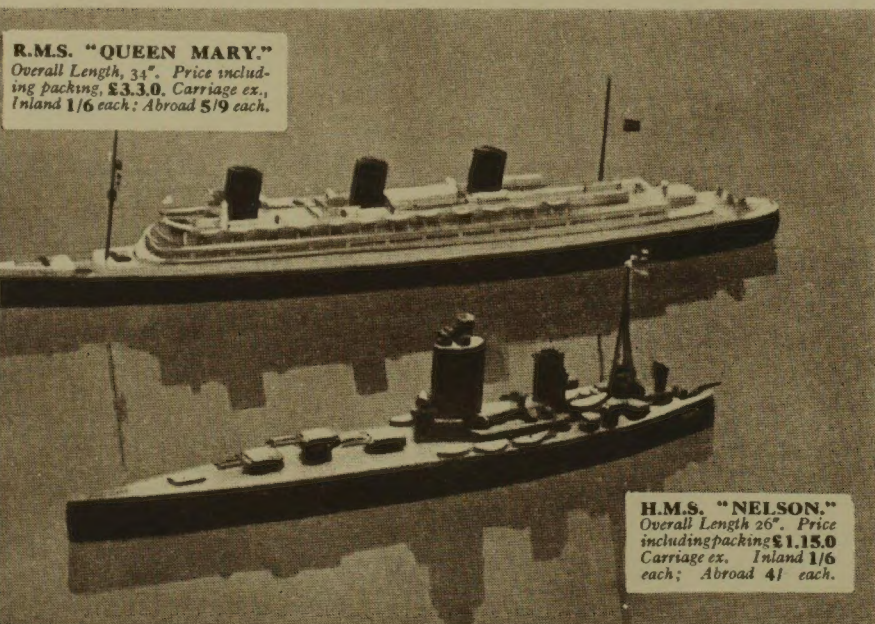


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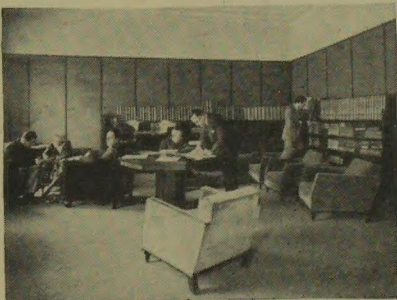
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